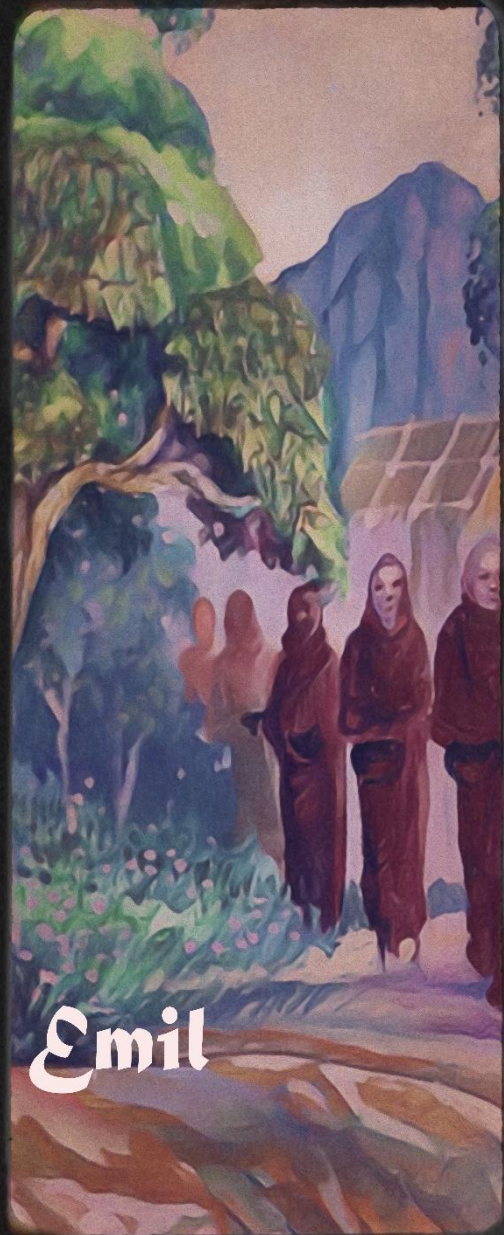


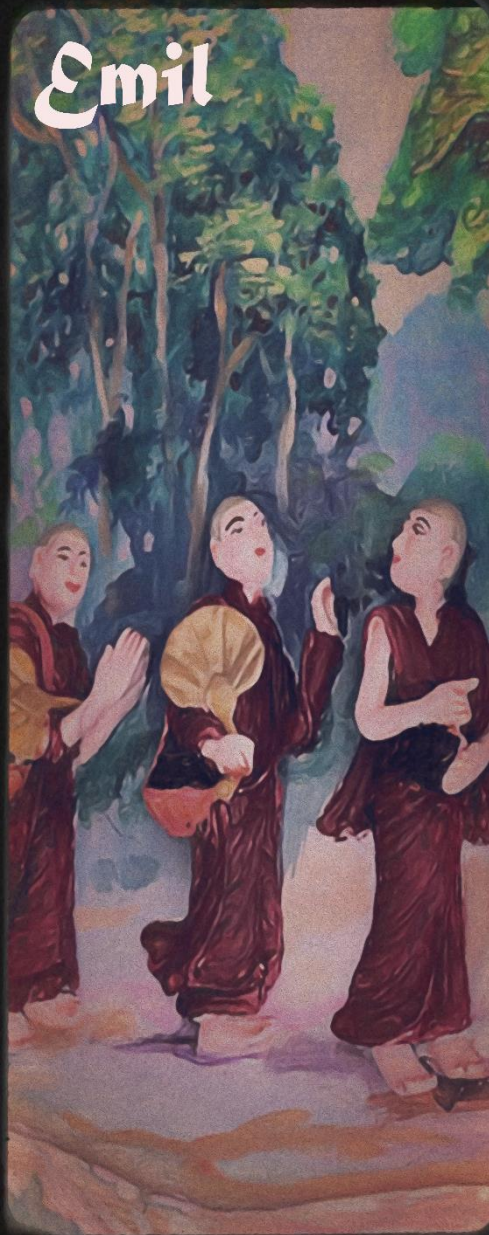
# In the Year Before the Plague - Yangon







Emil



Emil



Emil





Emil



Emil



Emil





# “Da poun yai lo ya mala?”

In Burmese, this means “Can I take a picture?” which is a phrase that has never crossed Emil’s lips even in English much less during his extended stay in Yangon in the year before the Plague.

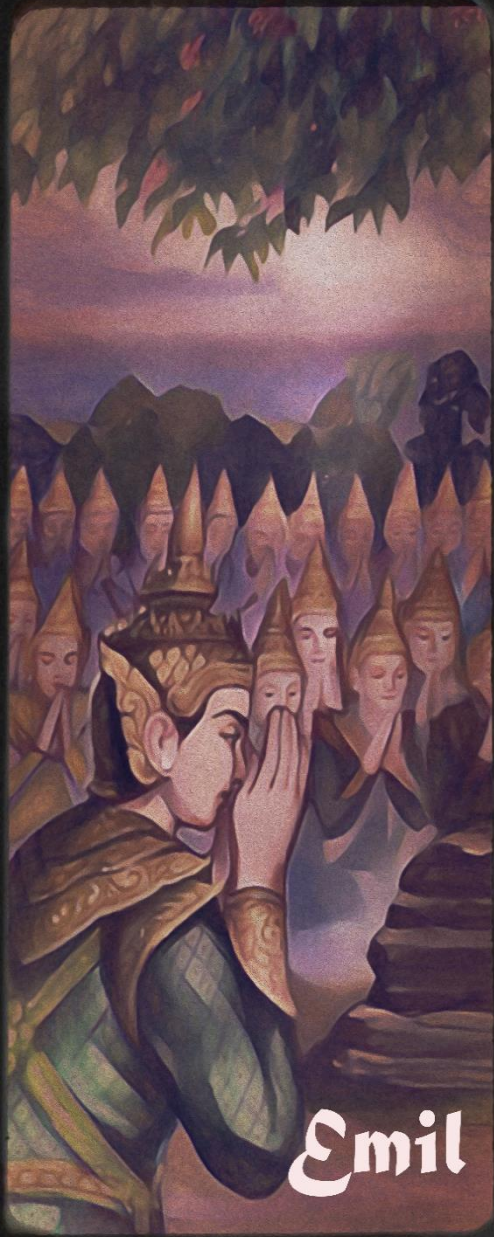
Looking back, those were much simpler and happier times for nearly everyone around the globe.

This was a mere year ago but, in the dog years that the Plague unleashed upon all of humanity (sent out by the Gangsters of the CCP’s effort to rule the world) it might be vaguely recalled as if it were but some far remote, pre-historic event that seems to now fade further away with the passing of each new dog year, Plague Day.

Emil’s chronicle of those happier days when people could openingly share a smile, shake an extended hand of friendship and move freely about...it is also stark to see how much we have given up due to our fears and to those who gleefully spread the fear.

## SEINE

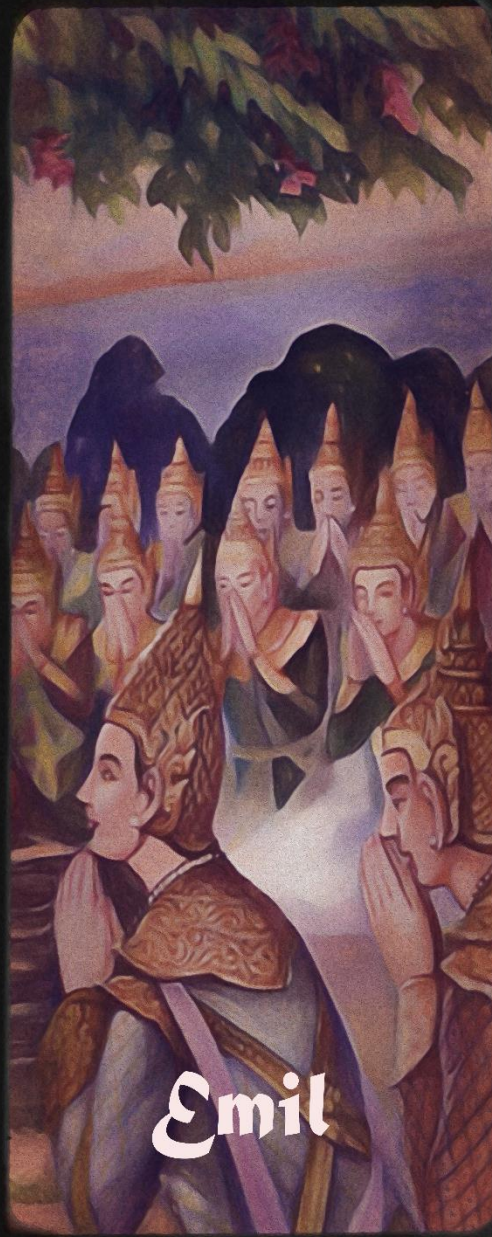




Emil



Emil



Emil





# “Da poun yai lo ya mala?”

Can you still recall? Does it still register?

Where were you in the year before the CCP Plague was unleashed and laid out the foundation(s) for the destruction of our world and the many God Given Rights that we so loudly swore of loyalty to?

## **SORRY Campers!**

I keep promising Seine that I will burn my soapbox and stop all of this distracting, political mumbo-jumbo that Seine says that most of my readers care little for or that anyone outside of my dwindling cadre of like-minded, tin-foil hatters would even be able to understand.

I am NO good at promises but, most of you (long term readers) already understand and at least, try to humour me with.

It is hard given my history with the CCP and the corrupt politicians that their blood money have bought throughout the Western World...it is yet harder to just sit by and watch our world come to an end.





Emil



Emil



Emil



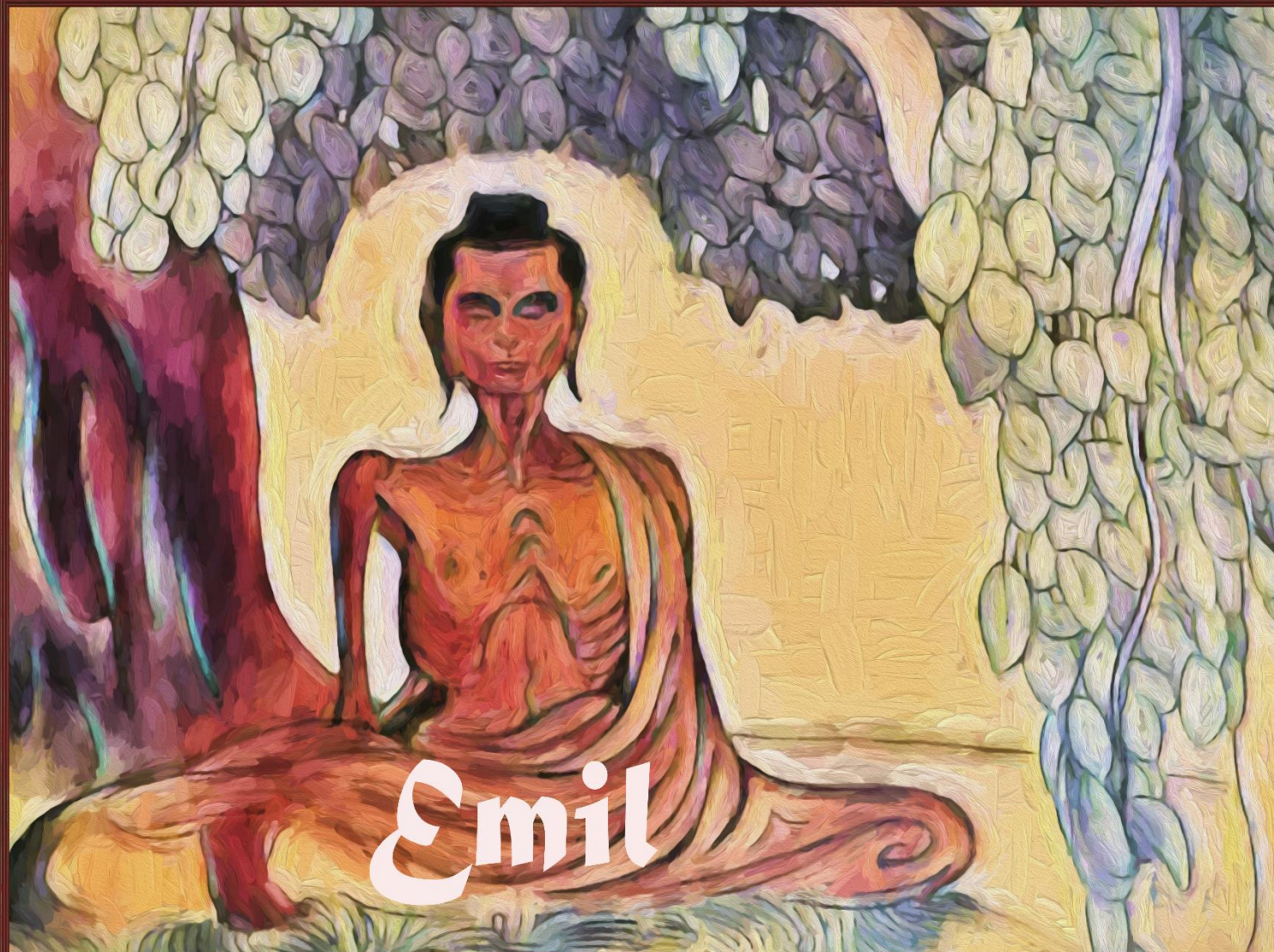


## “Da poun yai lo ya mala?”

Seine with his remarkable editing skills and his sense of expanding market sales, eighty-sixed (an ancient term for cut or got rid of) the back story on my tale of how I had fled Singapore to the more remote safety of Burma after WWWG had received numerous warnings from people that they knew that kind of knew (kind of a Kevin Bacon sort of chain) the CCP's Thought Police (Hong Kong Division) and that they were openingly enquiring to them into my availability for yet another refresher course of my previous six-week course in attitude adjustment and/or re-education to be a more proper denizen.

Of course! Seine is correct in a business sense and that I should openingly encouraging you to go get that book. My plead to save that back story was that it kind of explains the classic journalistic basics of “Who, What & Where?” while giving context... a richness to this window over into a past world now (I fear) forever departed and soon to be forgotten as mere legends of some “Dreamtime.”









Emil



Emil



Emil



# Emil







**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 5 Jan 2021.

Wasted day with nothing to show after a long morning of distractions and disinterest in doing anything...

I think it all started with Mr. Checker's old song "Walking to New Orleans" and I somehow got lost in that odd ditty while somehow my thoughts were hijacked with an even more random thought (thought this one thru long and hard) on the fact that it was getting near Mardi Gras there and that seemed to funk me out more –

**IS THERE GONNA BE ONE THIS YEAR??...**

I know Rio's Carnival will be on or else there would be an open revolution down in San Paulo/Rio... Then I depressed myself off the deep end with a stupid question that I tend to ask myself at such moments of reflection and deep concentration (anything to get out of real work...ya think?)

**"WHAT IF I NEVER GET BACK?"**

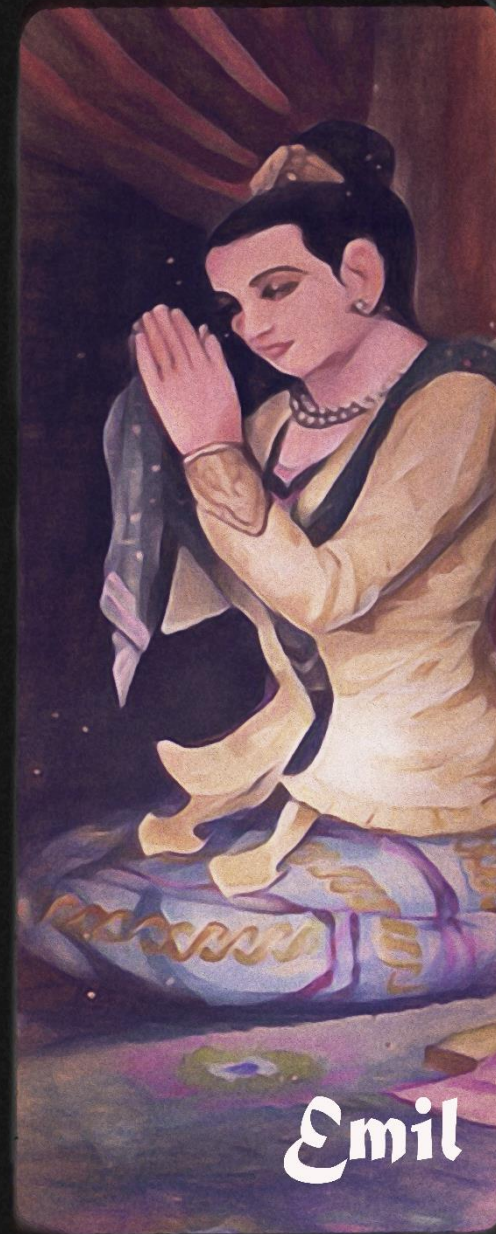




Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 5 Jan 2021.

"What if I die here in this tropical paradise, transit camp...for **ONLY** the most unlucky and misfortunate amongst us...???"

At this point, I am calling a Pappy Biden "Lid" and if I hadn't foolishly drank the last of the Cuban Rum last night; I might be tempted to call it 5PM (Happy Hour) which I am declining to invoke as that would drive me up to the rooftop (hadn't they locked the stairwells after my last attempt). Now...here at that last moment Brother Ray started sing "Georgia" and with that one last poke at my terrible day...

**I AM GONNA GO HIDE UNDER THE BED...**



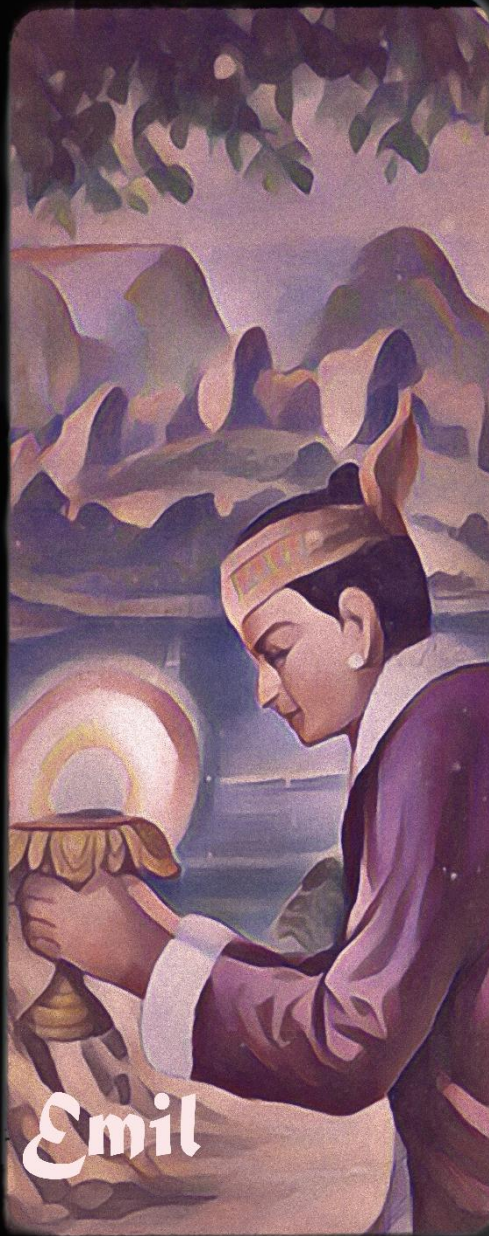


Emil





Emil



Emil



Emil



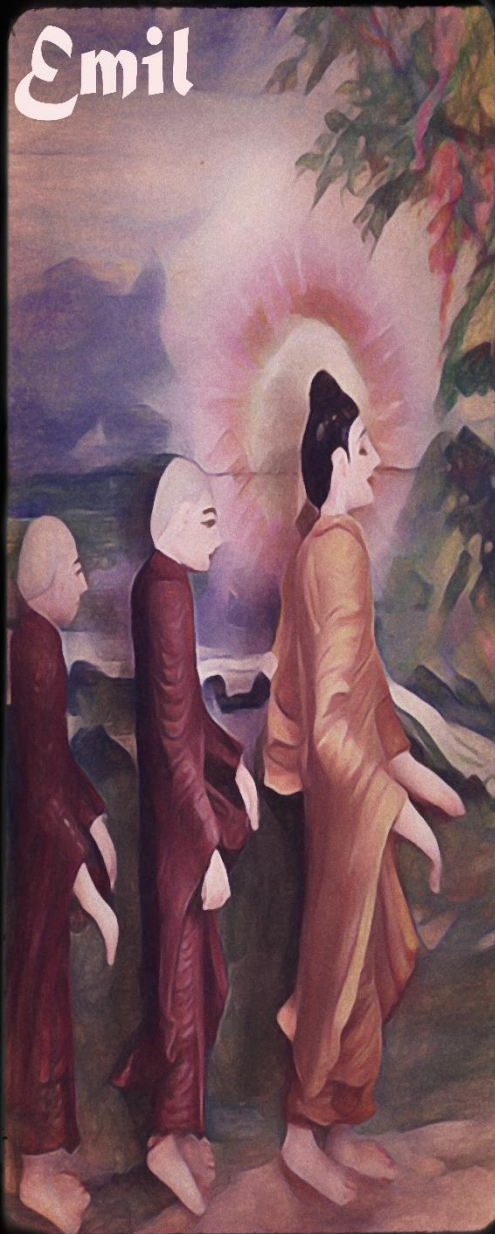


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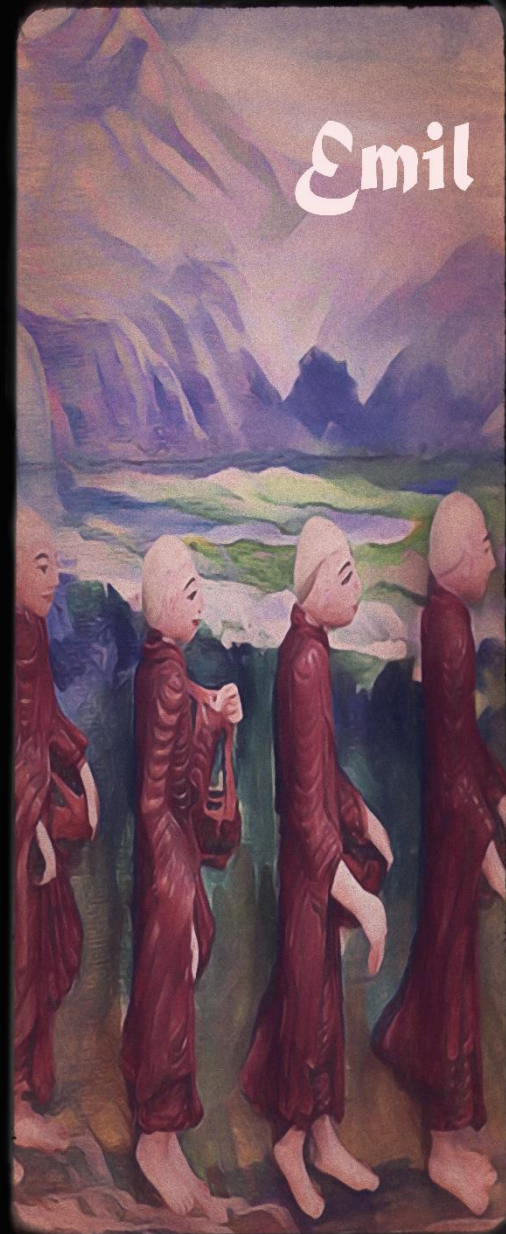




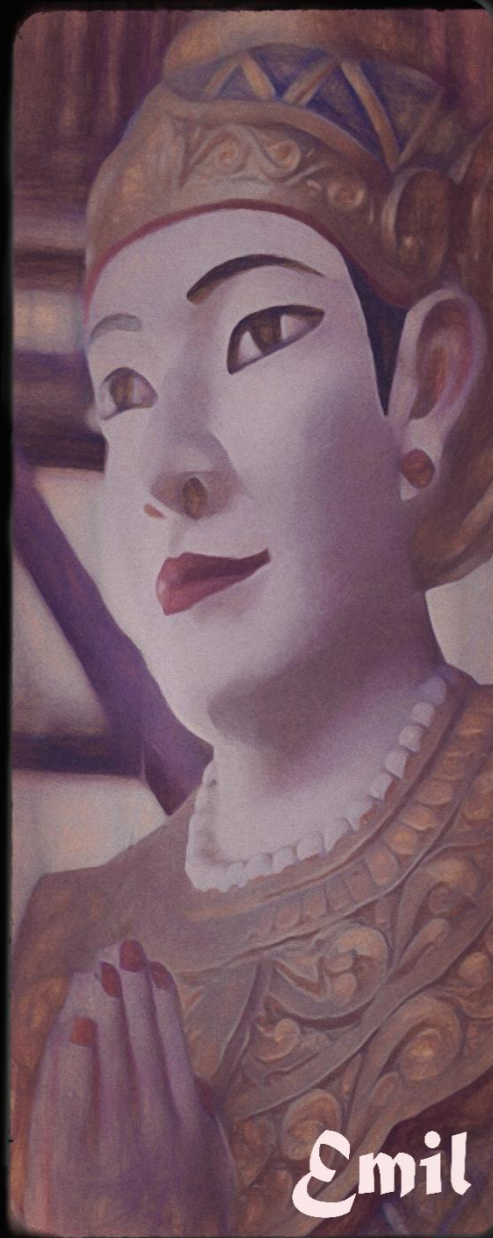
Emil



Emil















**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 4 Jan 2021.

The true trouble with waking up early in the morning and then proceeding to burn through all of your stored creative motivation all too quickly is that you fade quickly and then brain fog sets in and without as much as a “Howdy!” starts consuming your groggy mind just as Little Sister Joni is singing an educational song about home electrical wiring...

**NOTE:** She is remarkably knowledgeable on a wide range of useful/helpful industrial skill sets and she brings it to life as no regular professor (no matter how talented) could ever vainly hope to do.

**"SHE WON'T FIX IT UP TOO EASILY..."**

Especially consideration that the lodge's electrical wiring seem left over from a rather earlier Colonial Time of the often forgot Raj Heritage...

**COLONEL SMATHER'S-SMITH...I ASSUME?**





Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil







Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

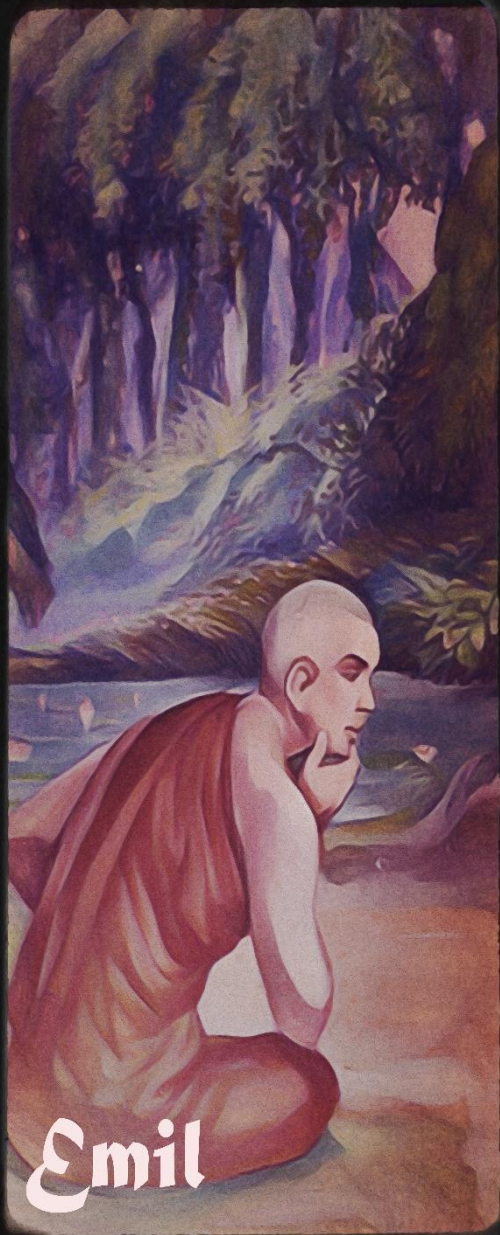
**DATELINE:** 4 Jan 2021.

Just as I was starting to sound like a broken record (ancient/primitive form of a CD...what do you mean by “What is a CD?”) I stopped cold, dead in middle sentence here on the keyboard and deleted most of what I was gonna post before some rude Lost Child of the Great New Social Reset had a chance to set the TWIT ablaze with how I was a “One Horse Pony!” (*which no one is sure what it means but Pappy Biden used it to insult a Fox News Reporter last week – SO...I am sure that it must be rather rude or obscene in Pappy Biden speak?*)

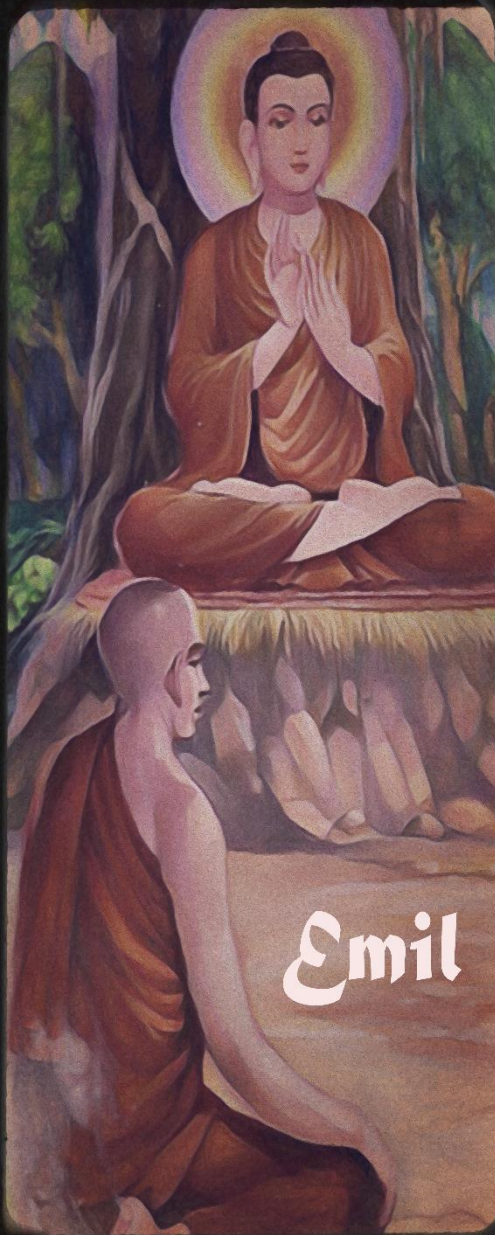
My only redeeming defense is that it is “Not My Fault!” as what else is there to do at 3 AM in the morning other than a few more illustrations... This is a slow process due to the format that was agreed upon - actually, to be truthful, I am the one who recommended it be used this month.

**GO FIGURE...???**

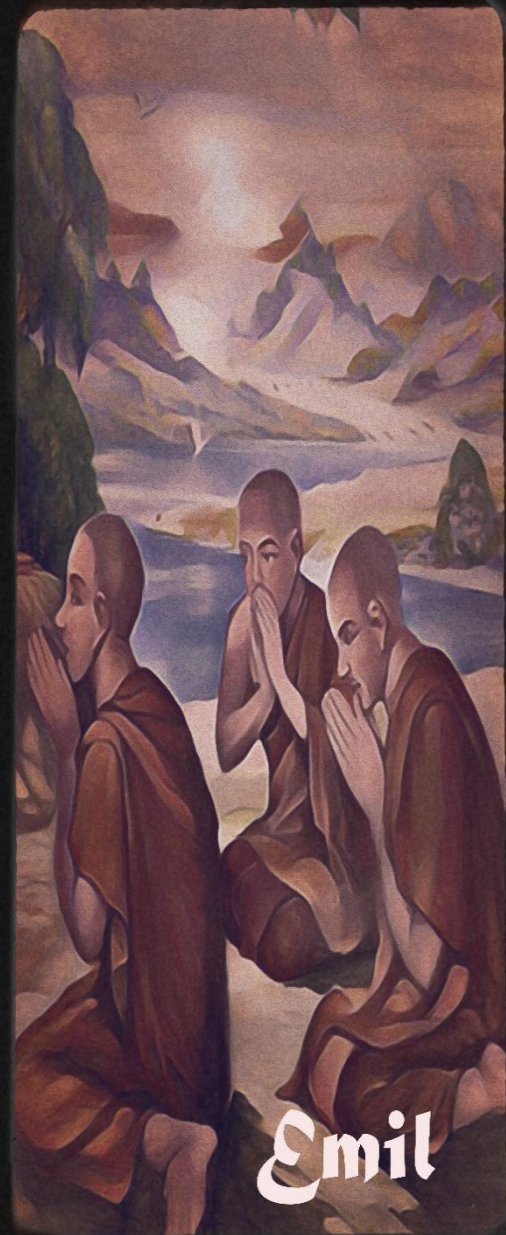




Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 4 Jan 2021.

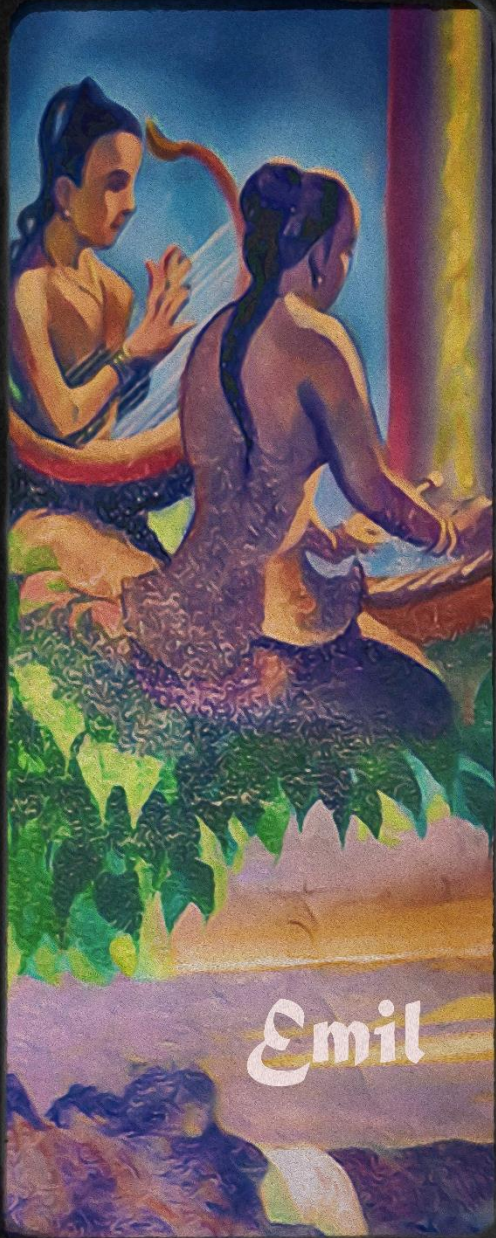
## No easy payday here...

While I do much like the 19th Century look and feel of this “Folk Art” look but, it is a lot more work (lots - times three) and these days that is the one thing that I have heavily invested (almost a whole generation) into removing from my life in what I had so hoped...that work was forever gone! I am sure there is help as even my nicer and truly concerned readers have offered up info (contact info for) on several related 12 Step Programs to help me overcoming this issue.

Which is so very nice but not very practical for a person of the “Lazy” Persuasion like myself. WYT???

Anyway, Campers...Still two hours and loose change till they toll the breakfast bell and the mad lurch towards the dining room's buffet tables...**SNOOZE YA LOSE, HERE BUBBA!**

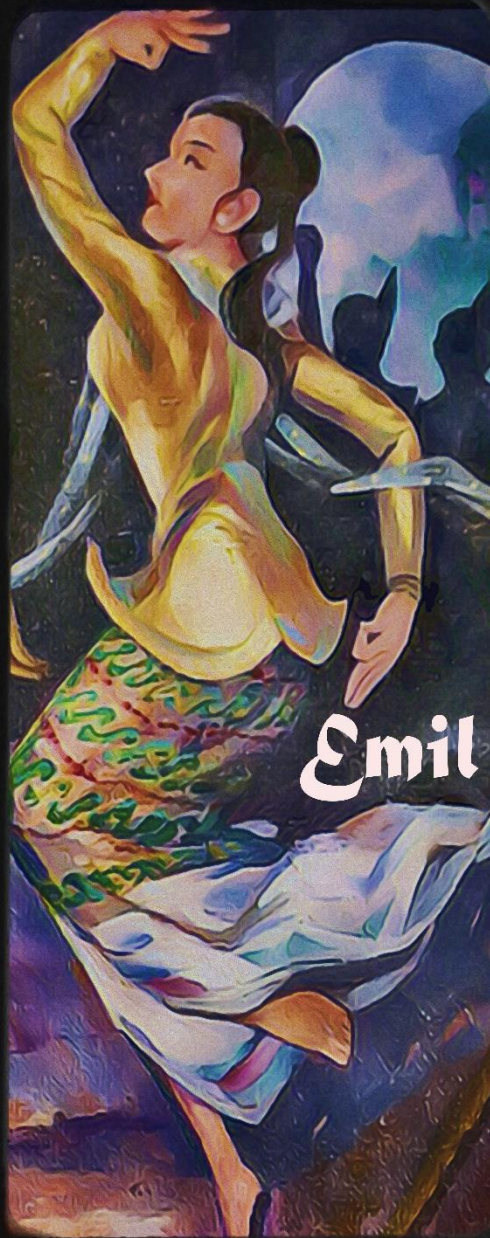




Emil

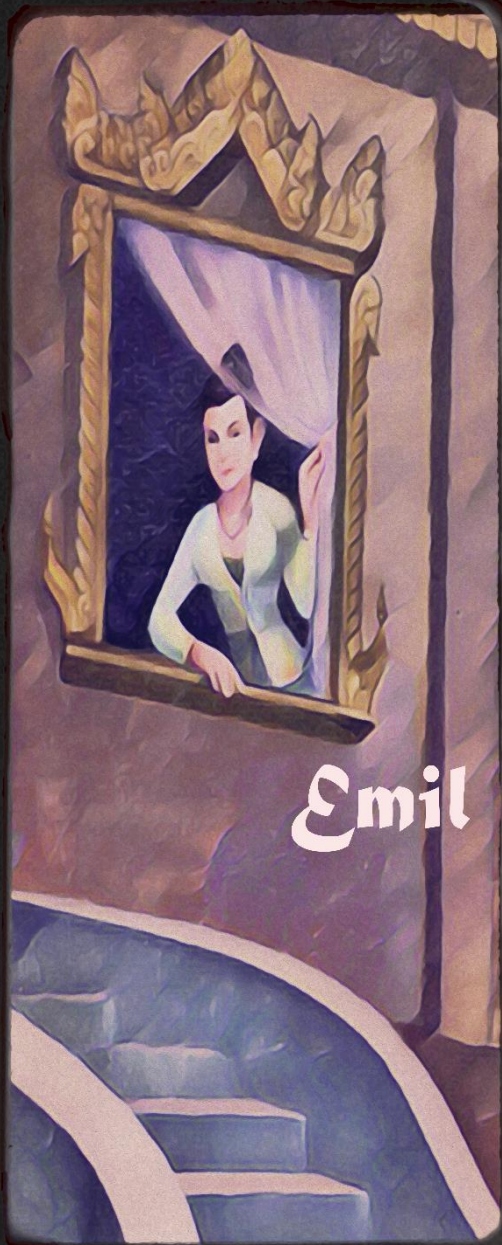


Emil



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Emil



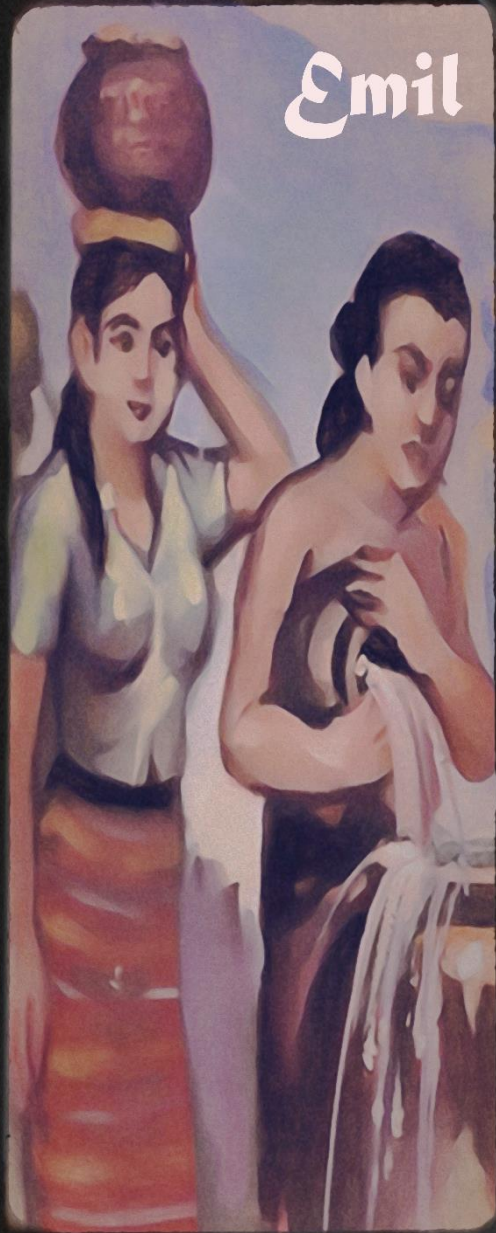
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Emil



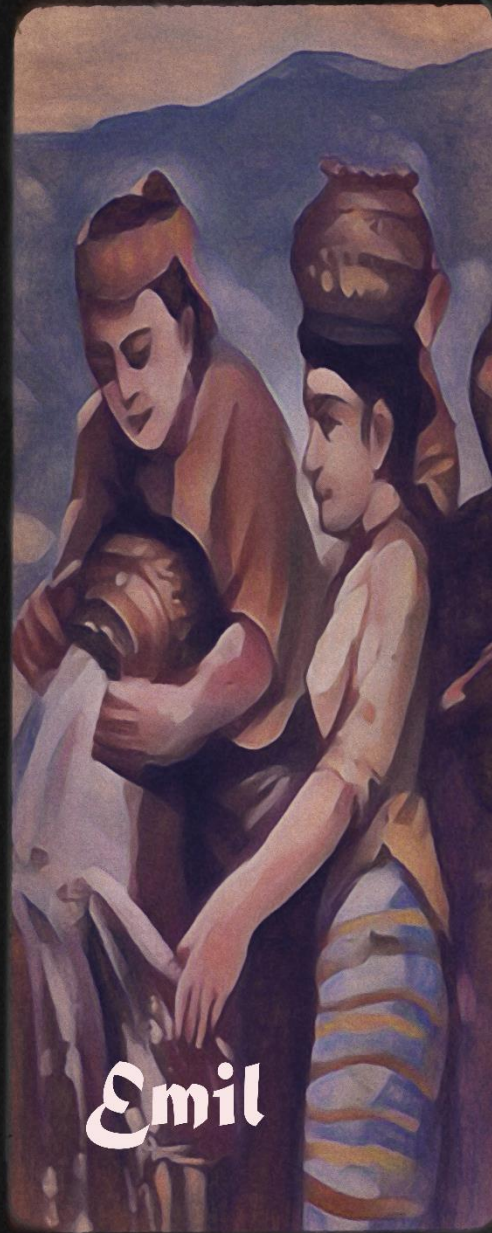
Emil



Emil



Emil







Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 3 Jan 2021.

## **FINAL COUPLE OF ADDITIONS...**

Decided that I am going to turn in and try to get back to where I can dream without waking up in the mid-of-the-night drenched in cold sweats and mumbling long conversations with my long death relatives - who to be truthful, I never really cared much for anyway when they were alive...

Seems like they always want something...or are reminding me that I still owe them money...

Never once (**NEVER!**) do they have anything resembling cheerful news or maybe, a winning lotto number or two for me...

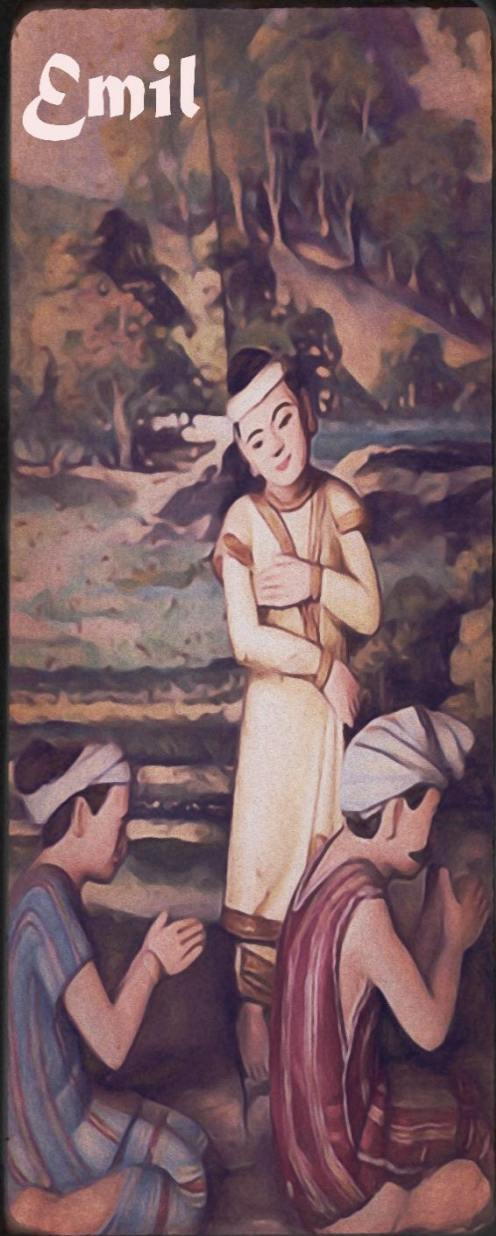
### **JUZ MAYBE, BY GETTING TO BED EARLY...**

I will miss their bus and I will be free to sleep the whole night through.

I don't know if this is really true as you know I read it on the Internet!



Emil



Emil

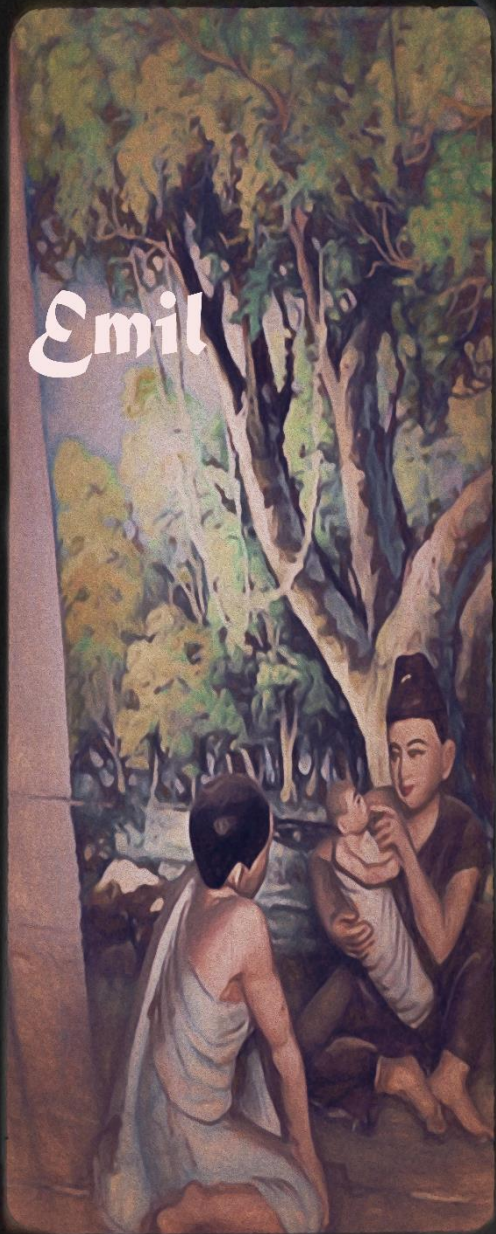


Emil

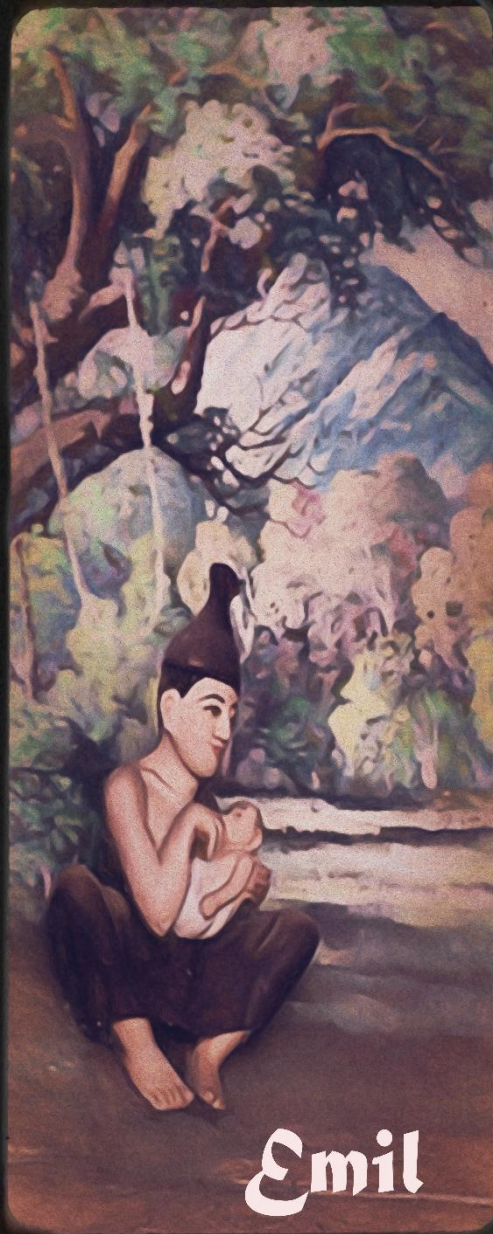




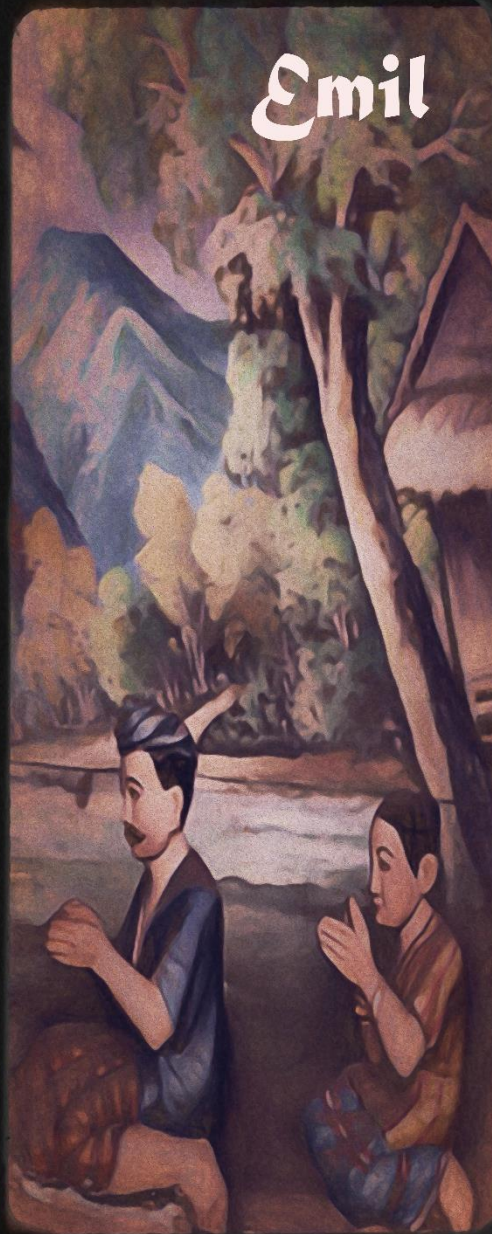
Emil



Emil

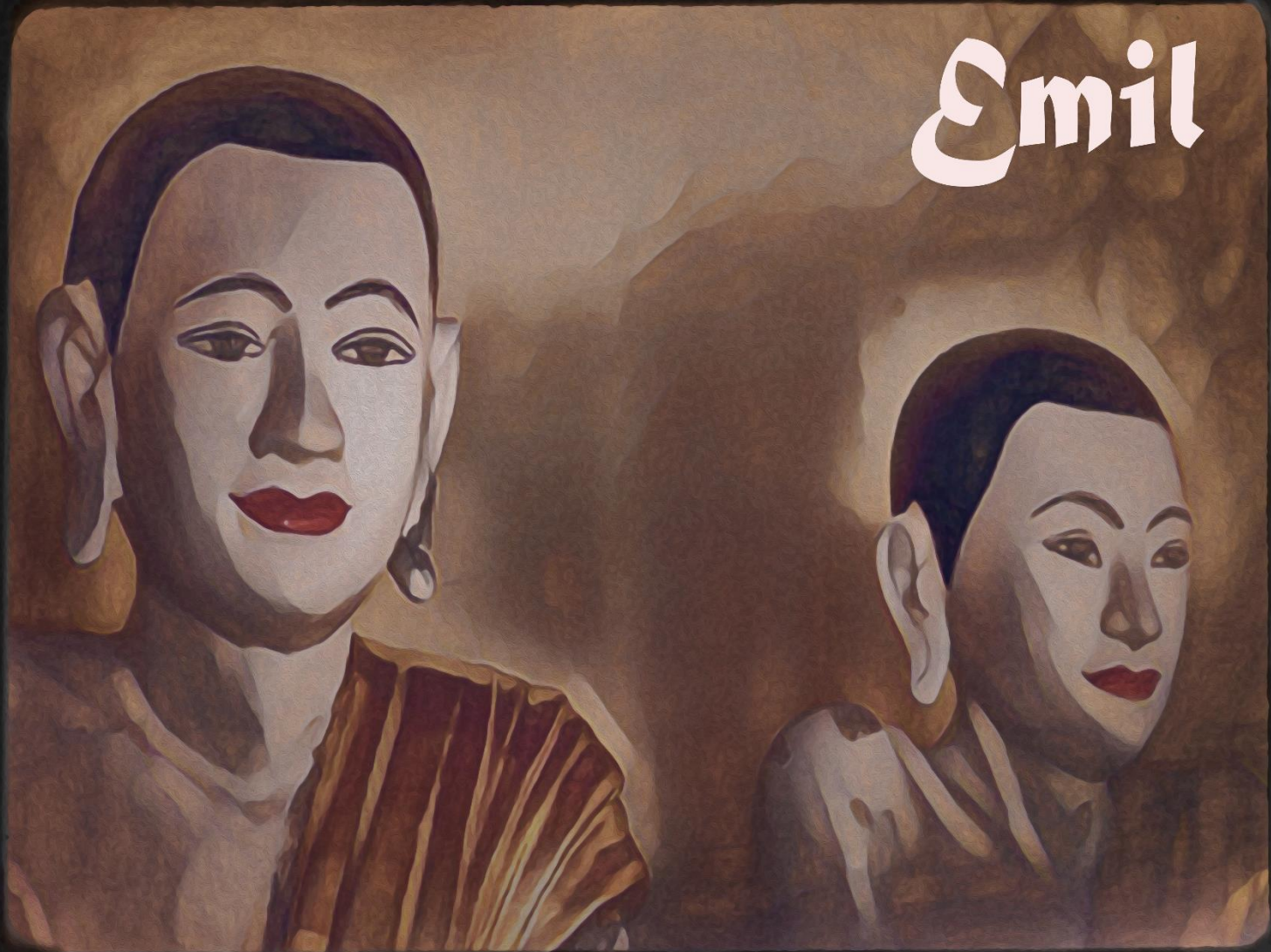


Emil





Emil







**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

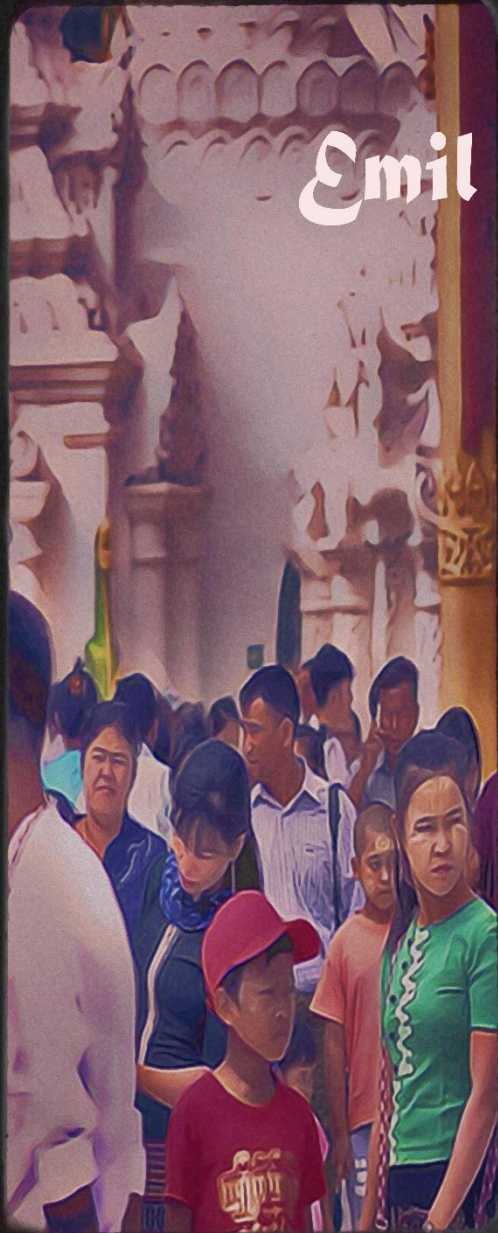
**DATELINE:** 2 Jan 2021.

## **YET AS THE DINNER BELL RINGS**

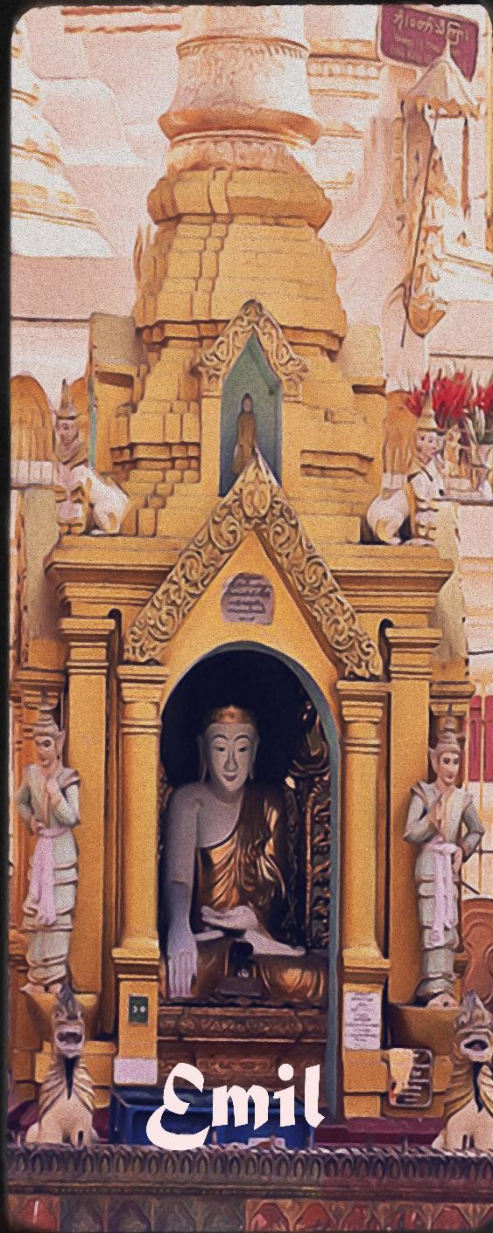
Out here in this Virus plague Transit Camp hidden away in my lodge cell; I am still working hard towards trying to be different, have a slightly different flare to make this new project seem worthy of your kind consideration but, I am sad to report that I keep failing to bring anything new or even slightly off-centered to attract your attention. Not being a naturally creative person has been a more than a slight handicap to my ability to complete the present creative design project that I am helplessly wading through while my selection of ancient 1967 Beatle Songs seems to be contributing greatly to my already artist brain fog confusion cause, it seems that they are so badly tainted with seriously old memories that they are making it is nearly impossible to concentrate towards creating anything resembling a new flare..



Emil



Emil



Emil







**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 2 Jan 2021.

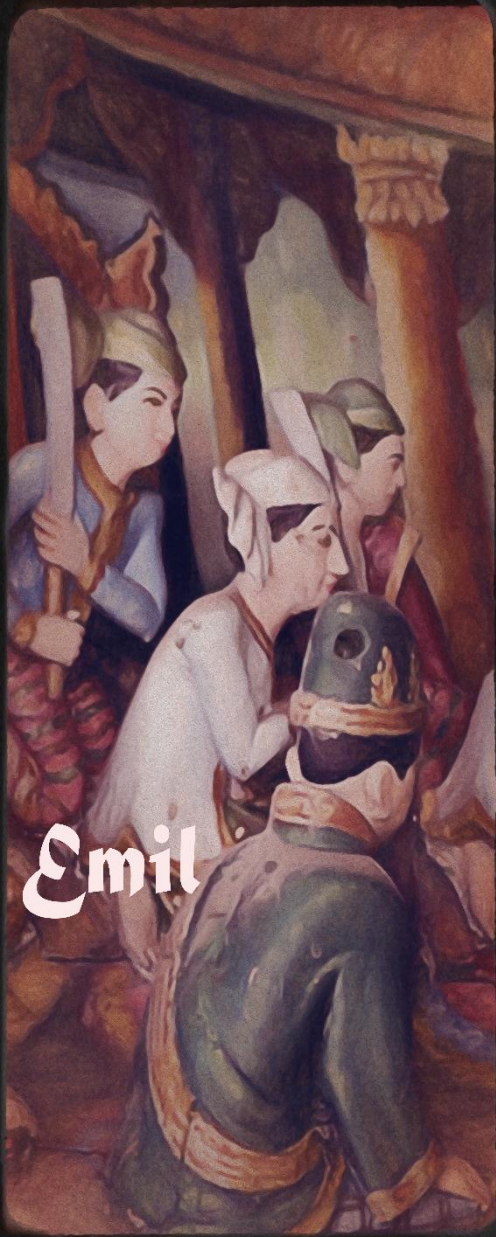
## **YET AS THE DINNER BELL RINGS OH WELL, CAMPERS!**

Dinner time is calling my empty belly and I can smell the grilled, fish curry that they teased us about at breakfast.

Such is the life of being locked down in Paradise...and that fact (alone) by itself messes greatly with my already troubled head!

Juz back from dinner and it will be yet another long night, toiling away on yet another work in progress that actually has the potential of paying my rent this month...if all goes well (light a candle/say a prayer), I will be living big in a month where I have no place to go...nothing that I can buy other than snacks from the fabled 7/11 on my block. Here is a sampling...WYT???

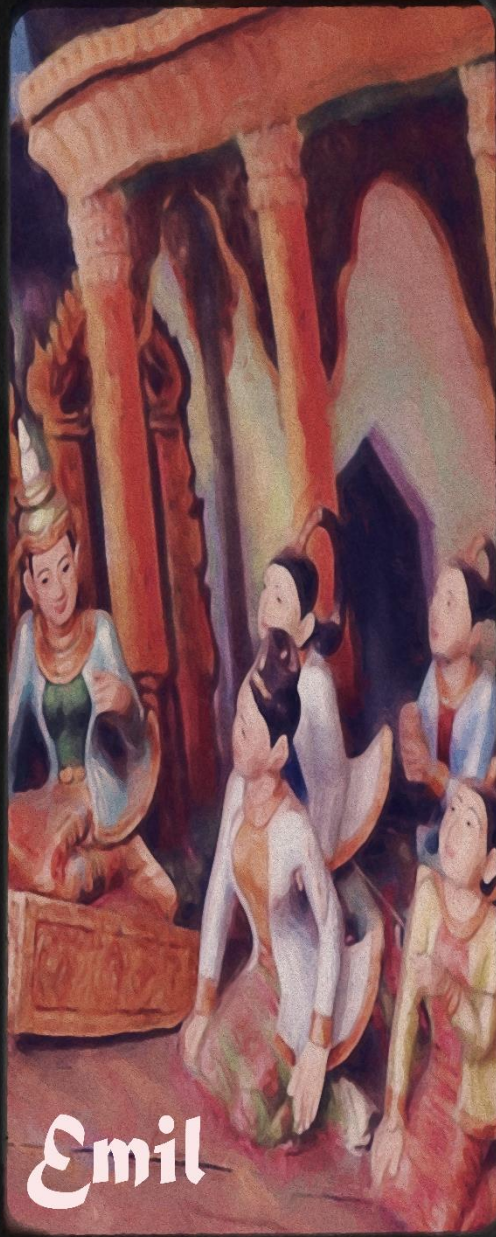




Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 2 Jan 2021.

## **YET AS THE DINNER BELL RINGS OH WELL, CAMPERS!**

“Saying Goodbye to 2020...Happy New Year!”

You juz knew it had to end but, you kind of feared that they might be trying to postpone 2021...

Still struck with a bad case of Plague Fear porn we all sit New Year's eve waiting for the New Year to be called in California...Fear **NOT** Campers...

## **TOMORROW IT WILL COME!**

In our hearts we know that this is true; No matter the depth of Fear Porn that they try and scare us with; our Patron Saint Bill's (the Dead Cat from Bloom County) best remembered Mantra

*"The Sun will come up tomorrow...*

*it is ONLY a litter box away!"*

Words that I dedicated my entire, fragile sense of living on! **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

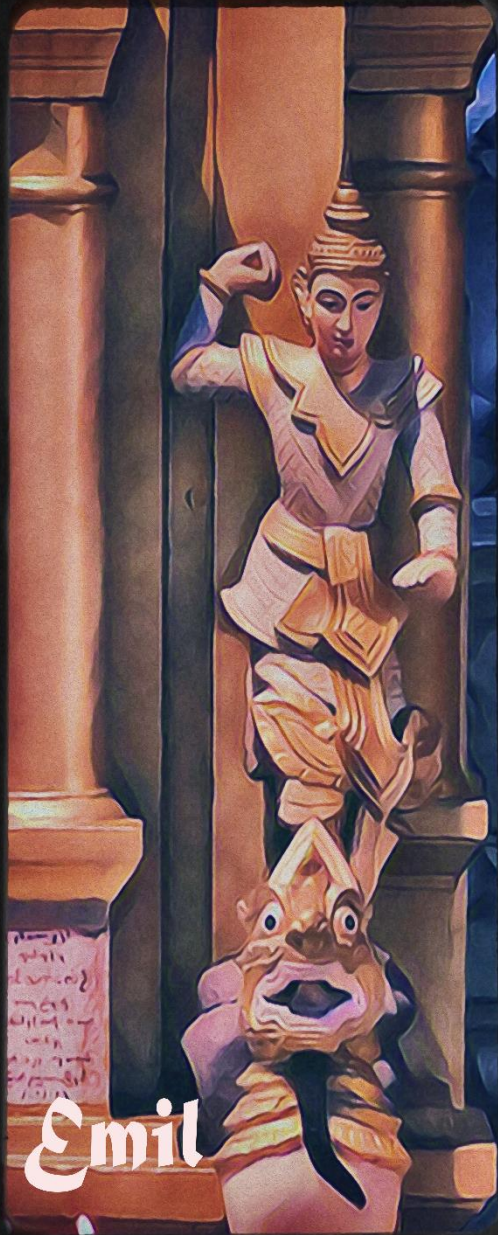




Emil 96



Emil

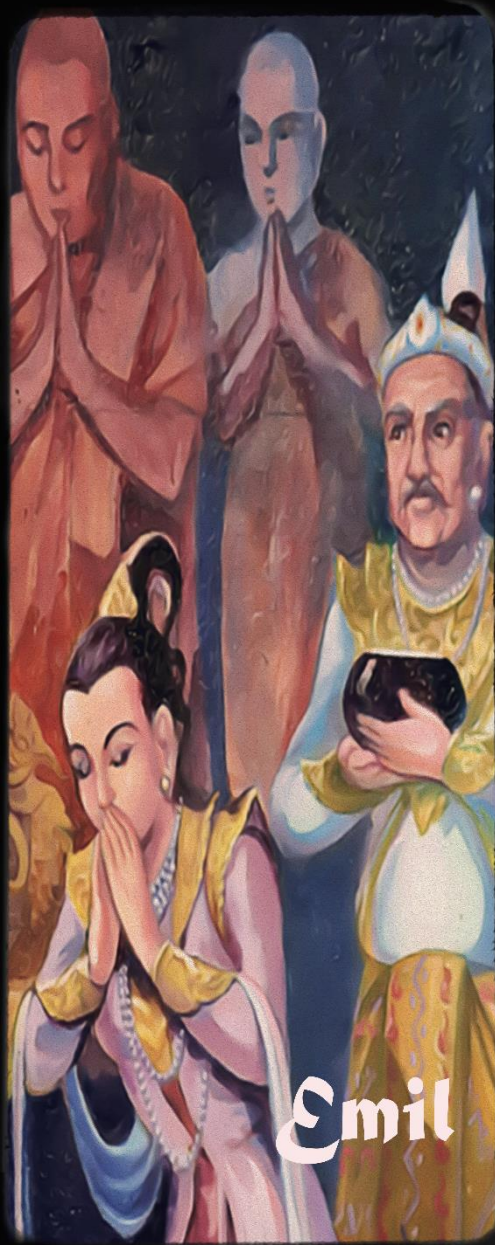


Emil

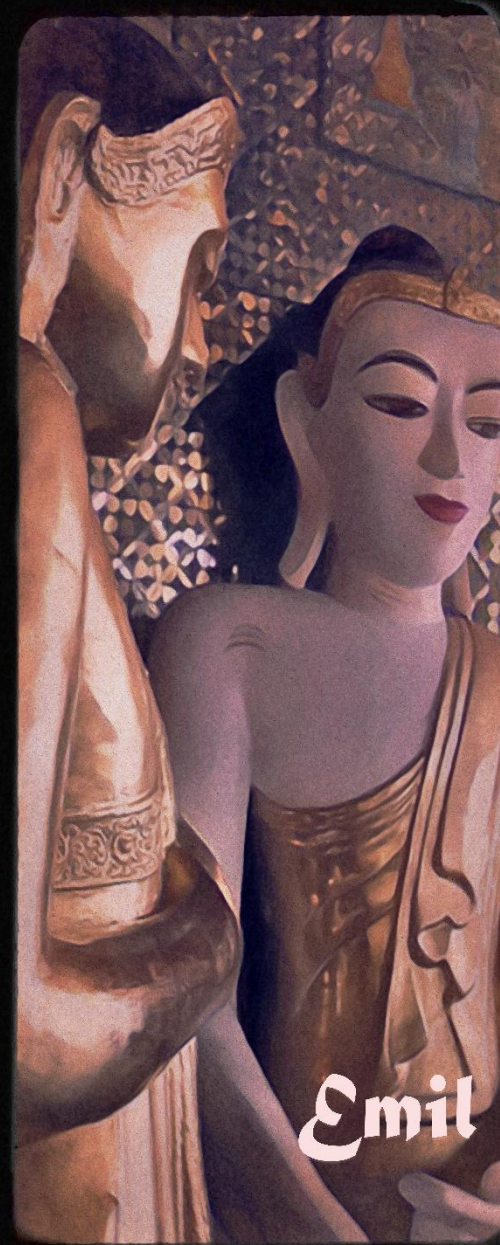




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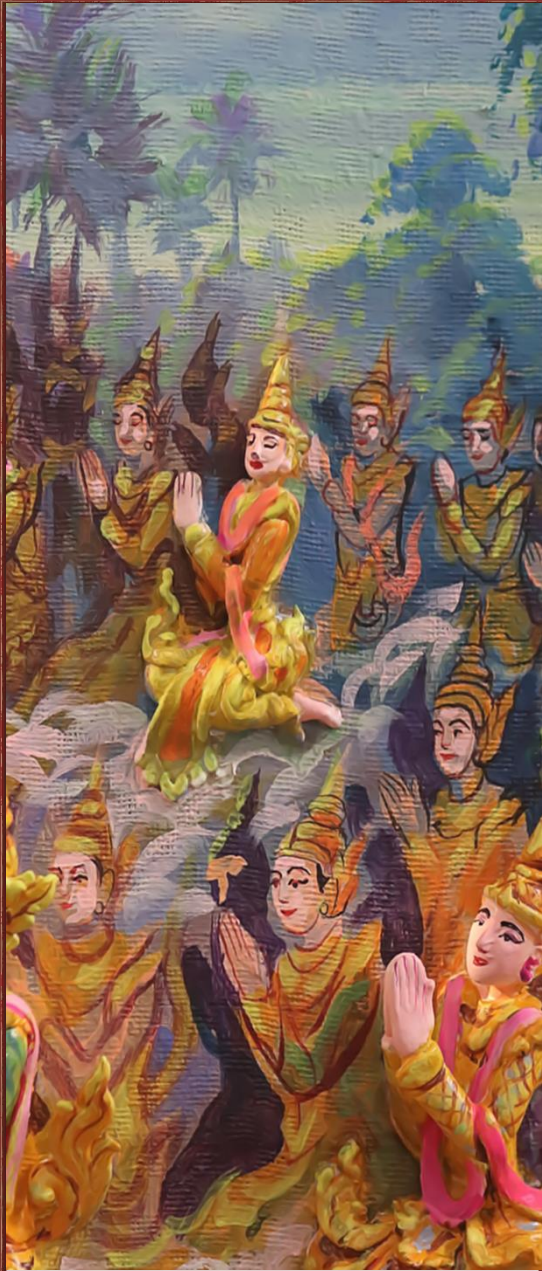


Emil









**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 2 Jan 2021.

### **TECHNICALLY, IT IS EARLY IN THE DAWN**

Being without a real window in my lodge room (cell) I wouldn't have a clue. It could be noon for all that I would know if it wasn't for the meal whistle(s)...

Got a few more done as I seem to have a waning interest in this project - which (as you know from hanging out with me) is rather common as we move quicker to deadlines or the bullying demands of my corporate slave masters (WWWG) I have been told that it is the revolutionary in me - which is rather flattering and I would dare to say...**WRONG!**

I don't remember who actually said that? It must have been some marketing spin to hype up a long past due publication of one sort or another?





Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 1 Jan 2021.

### **TECHNICALLY, IT IS EARLY IN THE DAWN**

So...the way I spin this morning's semi-progress is that I am revisiting my revolutionary past...

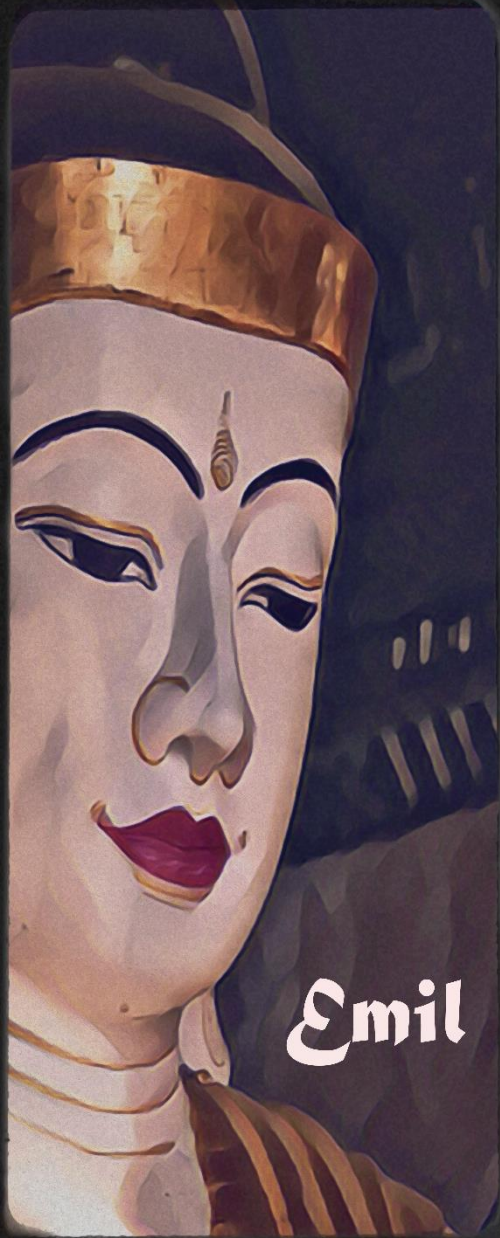
My analog realities in your complex, digital world of **WOKE** Warriors and **TWITTER** Beasts!

Sounds good to me! WYT????

Nothing looks pretty on a mid-morning Sunday...check back later...for a touch up and the instant beautification that comes after the consumption of a massive volume of Cuban Rum...like real stuff smuggled in, hidden within a diplomatic pouch from an undisclosed source in the local embassy...costly, but, I guess it is well worth all the skullduggery of secret passwords, inescapable IP addresses and the other (Seems like stupid) spy vs spy arranged meetings in a dark, Penang Alleyway...

### **CASH ONLY TRANSITION(S)...**

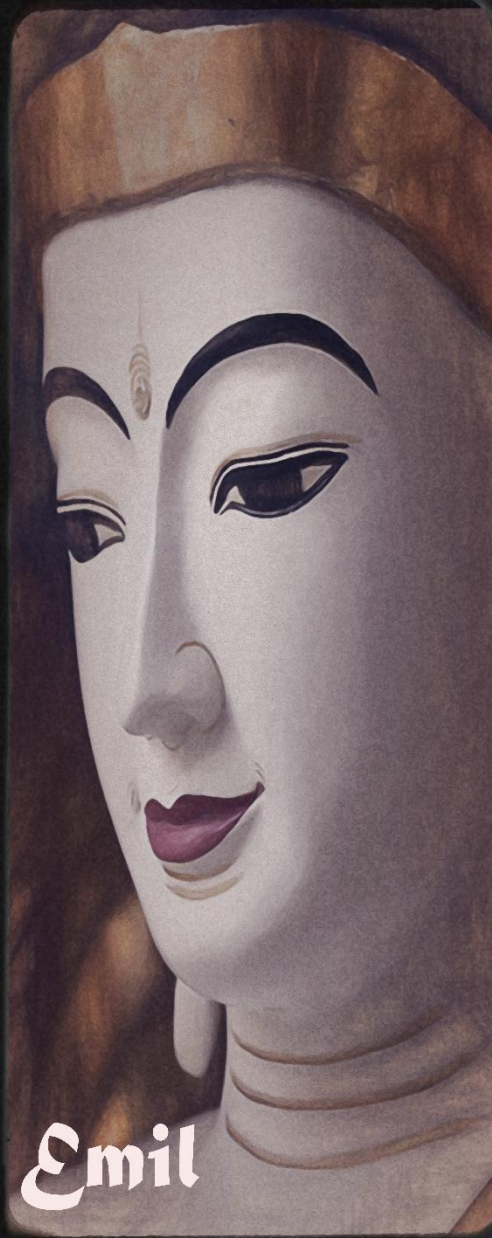




Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 1 Jan 2021.

## **TECHNICALLY, IT IS EARLY IN THE DAWN**

Most great stories end with “They lived happily ever after...” and most of them arrive at it quite independently of the others...hopefully, this too applies to me and I will join those famed ranks...

## **OK! MAYBE NOT!**

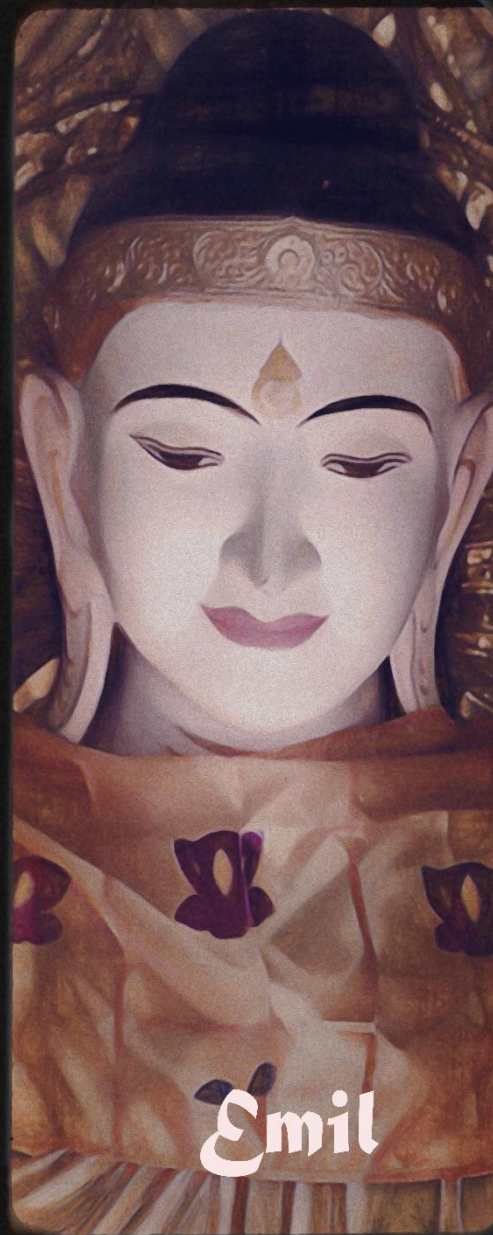
I get it...but, I too can have foresight and dream of a future where I too can join the ranks of the "Artists who didn't starve to death!"

Worked way beyond the last dinner bell and it seems my lot too (again) be feasting upon the half-box of stale Captain Crunch Cereal (that I stashed under my bed) while cheering on my favorite Home Shopping Network Hostess (The only channel that my government issued TV gets is the local Home Shopping Network... remember?)

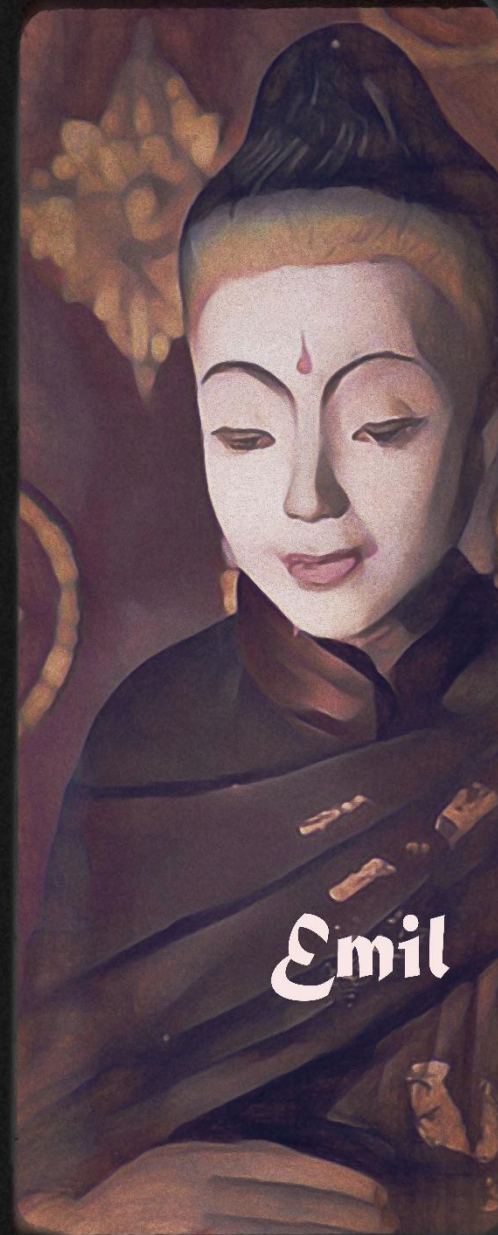




Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 1 Jan 2021.

**TECHNICALLY, IT IS EARLY IN THE DAWN**  
*"Wished a special prayer for each of  
you for the upcoming year of 2021"*

**(Is 2021 the Year of Salvation  
- as many are whispering that it shall be).**

So I have lit a candle, I have said a pray and still...  
I have yet to hear back from the Penang Lottery  
Commission as to my actual winnings.  
Hopefully, they will call sometime next week and  
**NOT** make me go down there like last time...with  
all their nonsense about having to actually have  
bought a ticket...Rude people they are!





Emil



Emil



Emil

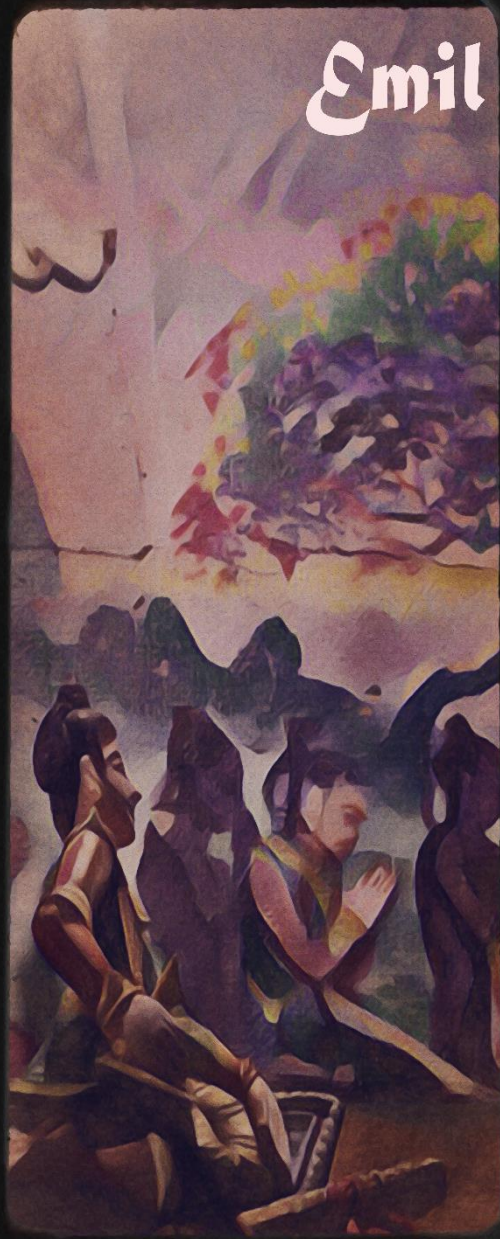


Emil

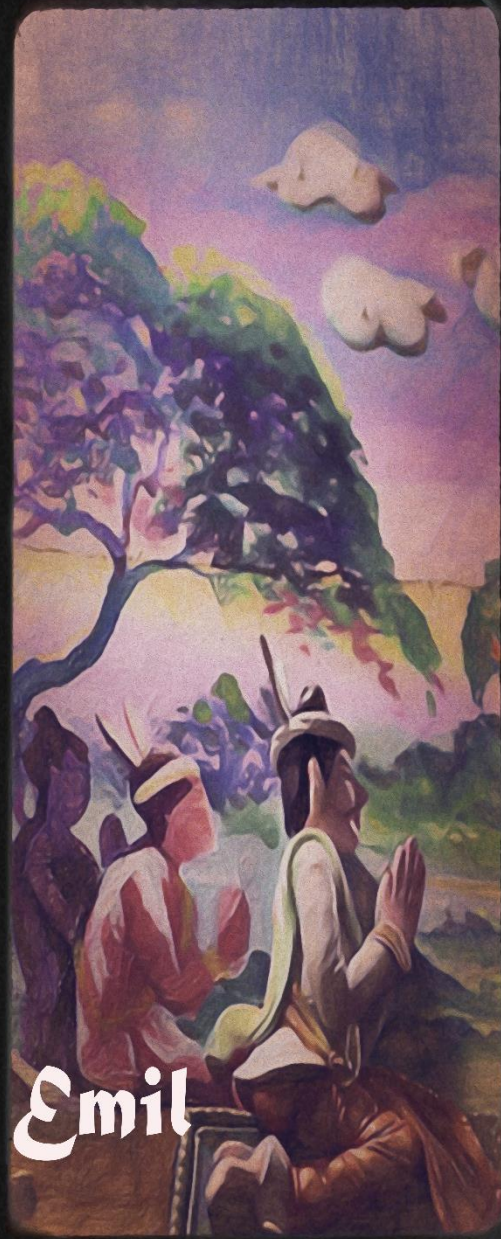




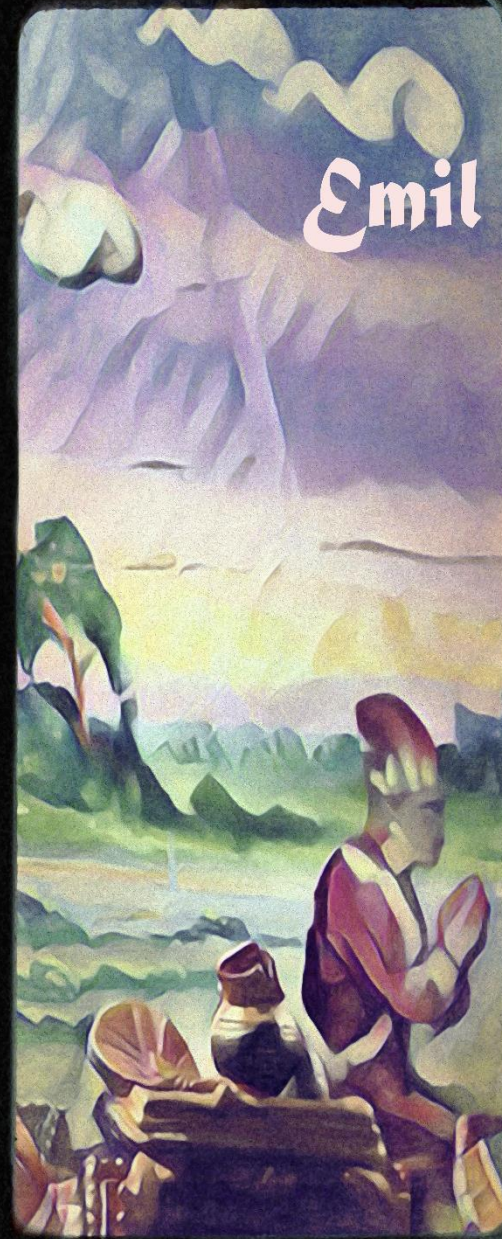
Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 31 Dec. 2020

## **SANJAI (THE KAT) AND CLYDE**

Sanjai (the Kat) and Clyde took off, down the old coast highway seeking the dude who had been selling bootleg, free-based katnip while Courtney Love belted out the chorus of "Pacific Coast Highway."

Their mission had nothing to do with any addiction as so many had come to face in the extreme lockdown in Monterrey...with too much time on their hands and the PetSmart being closed all summer long..

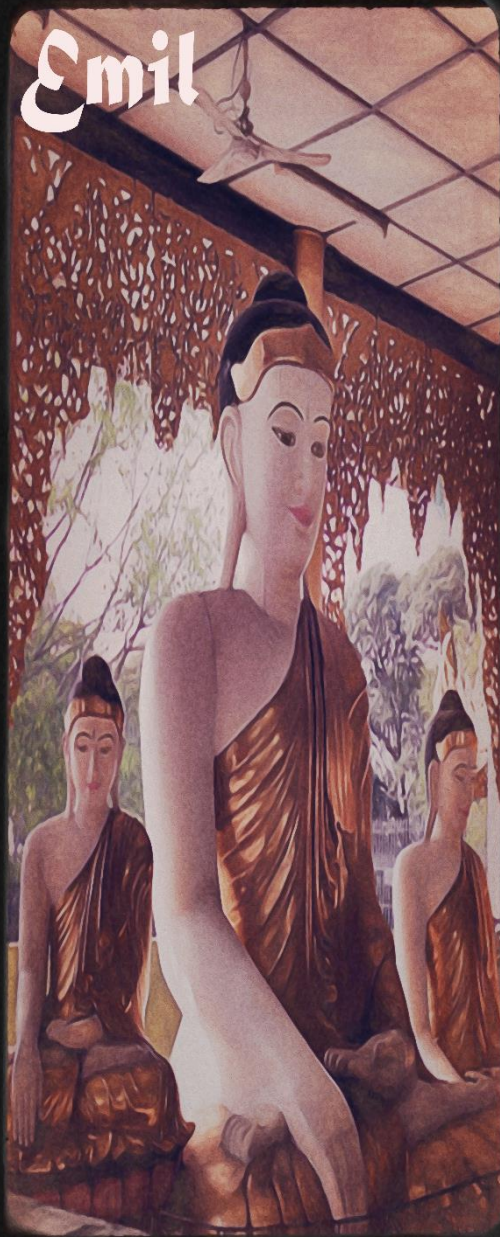
They needed to score a taste for Lola (Sanjai's girl kat friend) who was and had been strung out for almost a week...

She was sinking fast and Sanjai was desperate to get her straight but, she need this right now...





Emil



Emil



Emil





**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

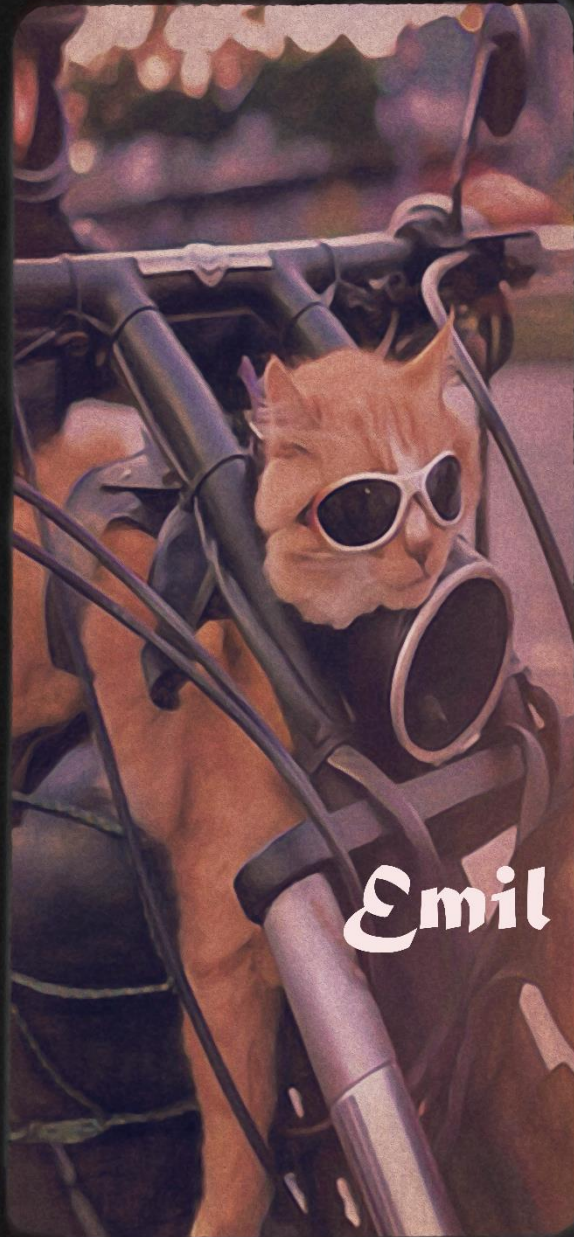
**DATELINE:** 31 Dec. 2020

## **SANJAI (THE KAT) AND CLYDE**

Clyde counseled against all this as a fool's errand and besides, this guy seemed like he might be some kind of CCP Agent although he claimed to be Siamese.

*"Ya know, Sanjai!*

*He ain't NO damn Siamese!"*







Emil

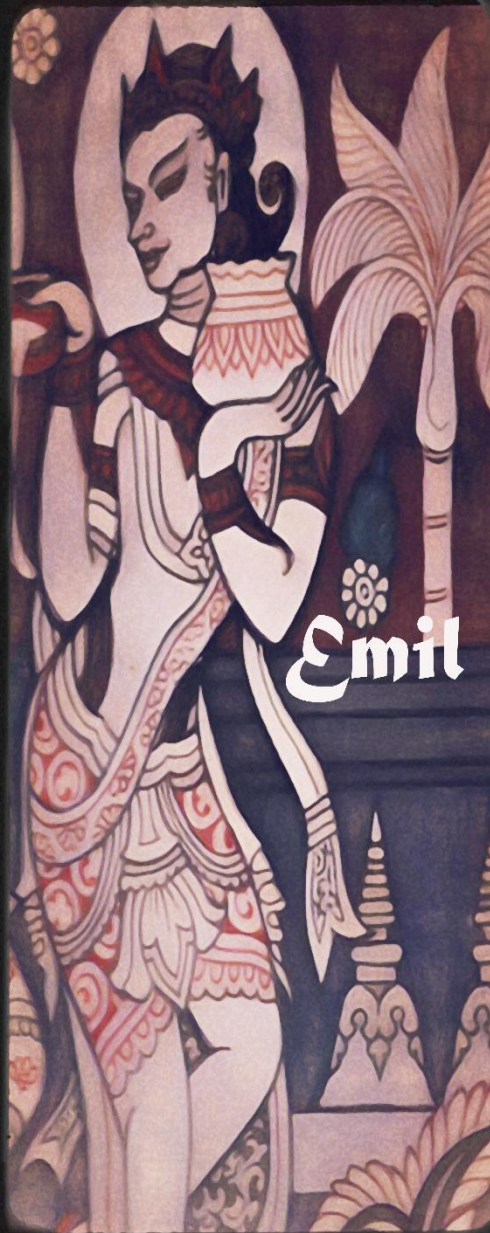




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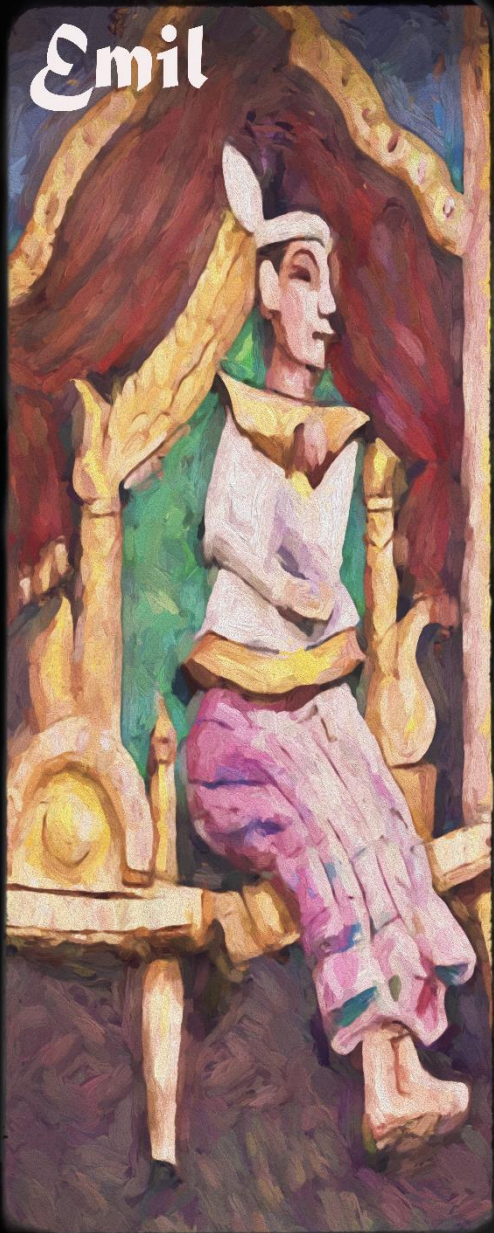
Emil



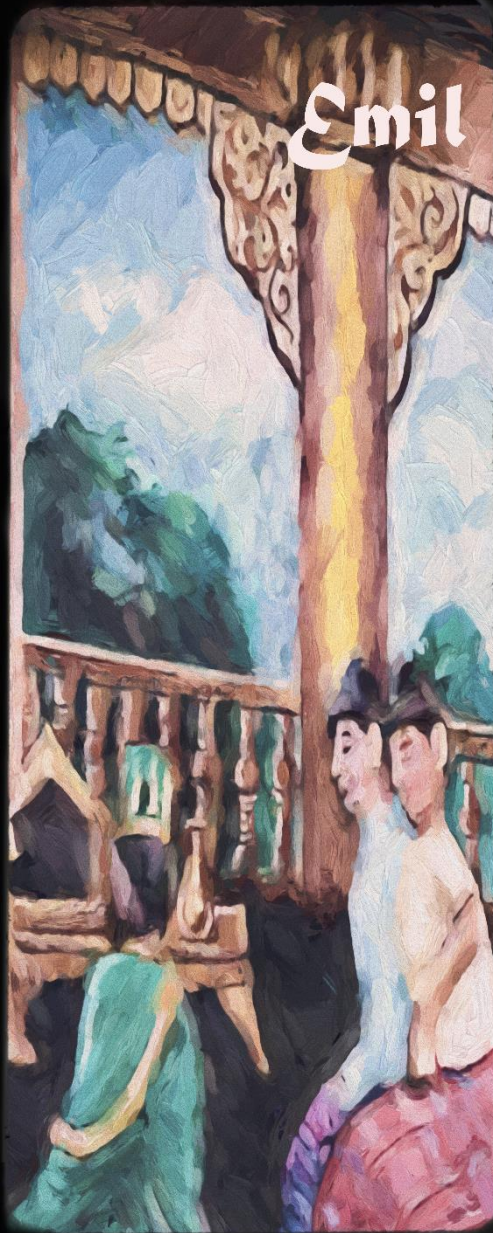
Emil



Emil



Emil



Emil







**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 31 Dec. 2020

## **“AFTER MIDNIGHT”**

After Midnight is a usually quite time of reflection, endless trips to the bathroom, giant lizards screaming in an echoed harmony what for the life of me sounds like "Frack Ya!" and is the time when I can work without interruption of normal living as even the Home Shopping Network calls it a night around 2 AM most nights.

The actual only distraction is this ancient Sony CD Boom-box that I have somehow managed to carry with me since the late 1980's.

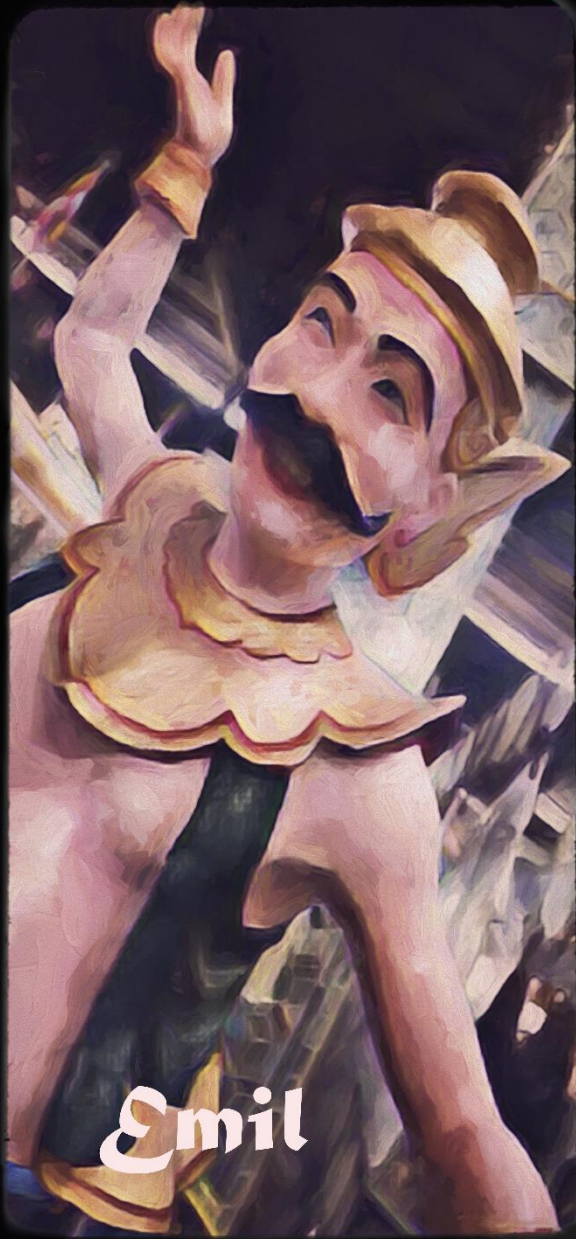
While it is very long-n-tooth, has a nasty habit of skipping at the best parts of songs...it has been a loyal fellow traveler on the Hobo Tours.



**MOST TRUSTED & VALUED SPIRITUAL GURU – TOUR GUIDE – BURMA 2019**







**MEMO:** Emil is in George Town, Malaysia.

**DATELINE:** 31 Dec. 2020

## **“AFTER MIDNIGHT”**

Rather happy with what I got done but, I am starting to slip and so, I am gonna call it a night before I am woke either by the cadre of transgender chickens that will wake me as they strap on their rooster pants to announce the dawn or at the latest, the Morning Breakfast Whistle...as I have told you, that is one warning you don't want to mess with - especially if you enjoy eating. Unto that time...

**ADO! Up the Revolution!**

I can say that with some passion since I was so rudely overlooked by the Pappy Biden Revolutionary Council for Harmony and the Great Social Reset my bid to become a Cultural Attaché for the USA in Paraguay!

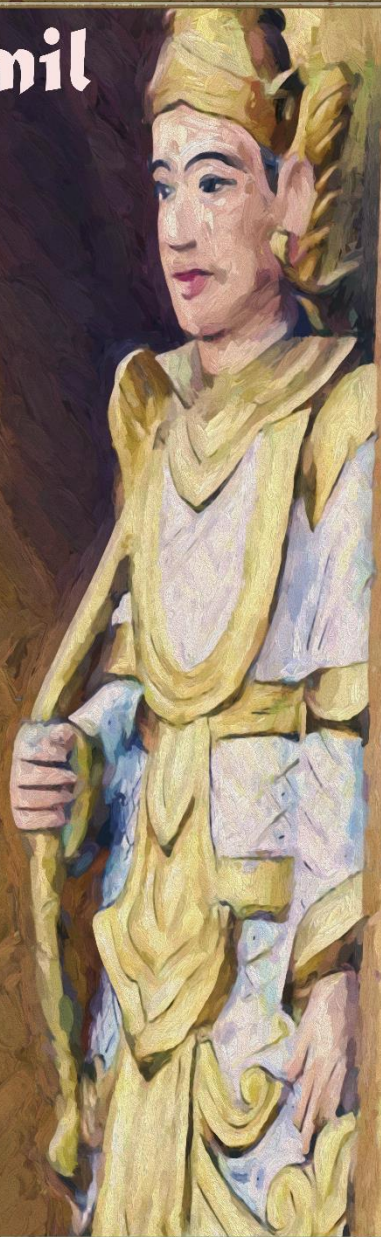


MOST TRUSTED & VALUED SPIRITUAL GURU – TOUR GUIDE – BURMA 2019





Emil



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I'm just the corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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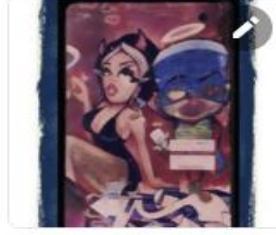
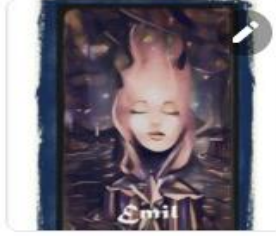
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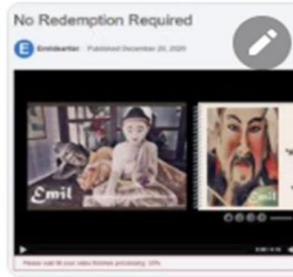
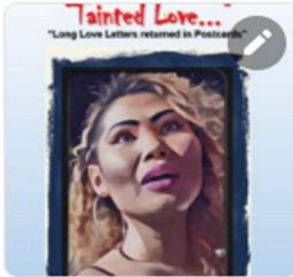
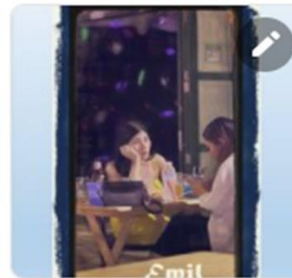
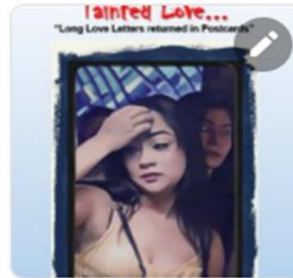
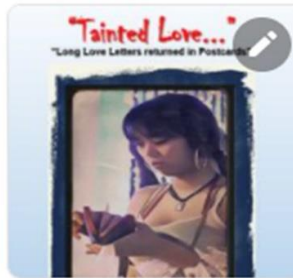
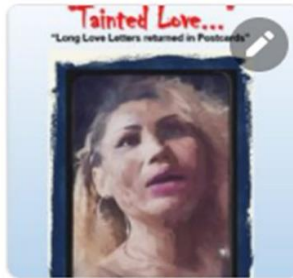
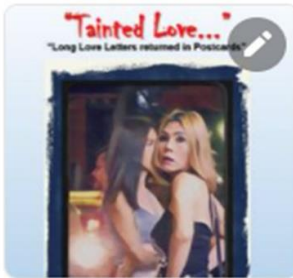
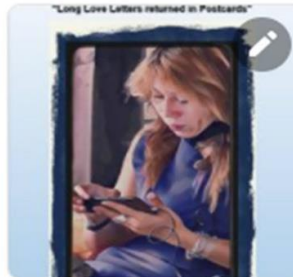
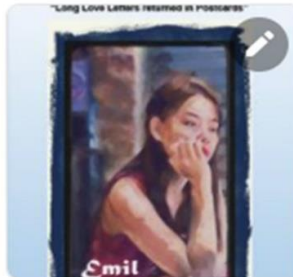
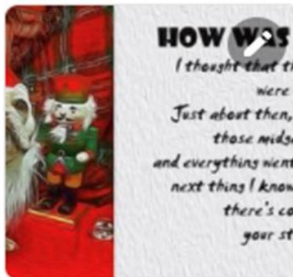
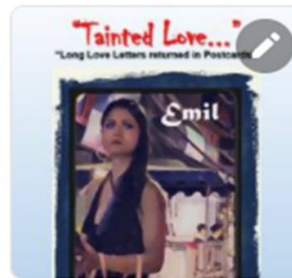
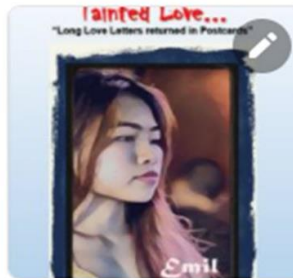
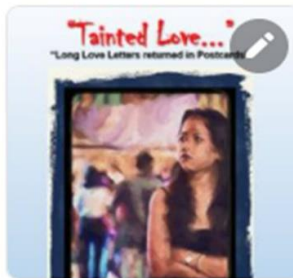
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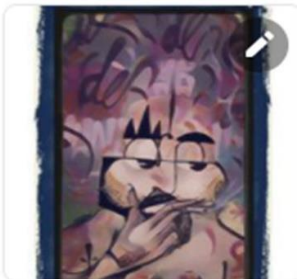
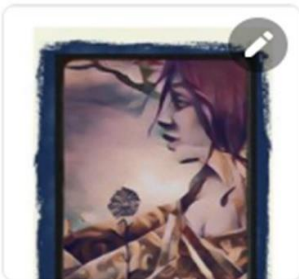
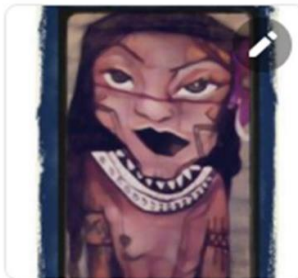
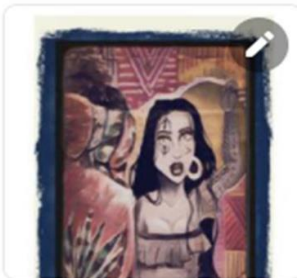
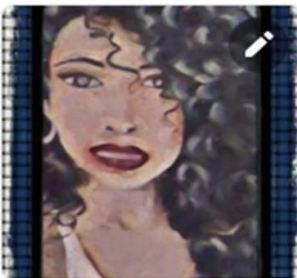
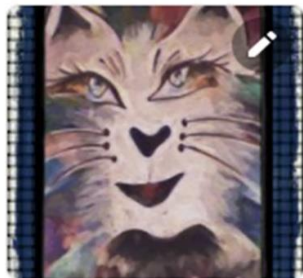
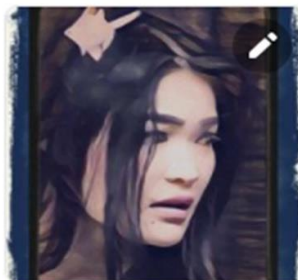
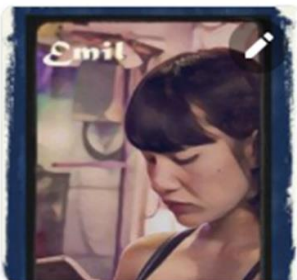
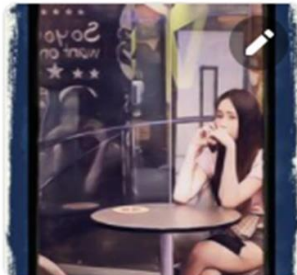
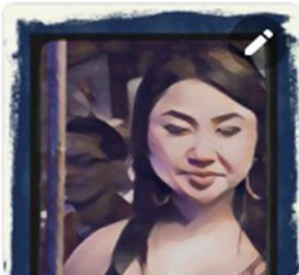
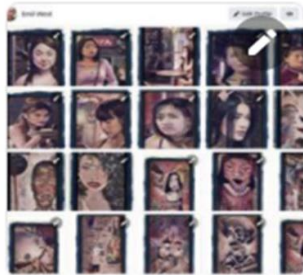
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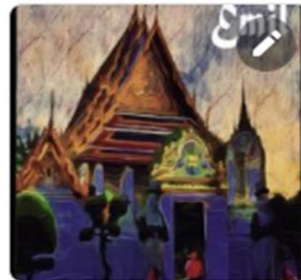
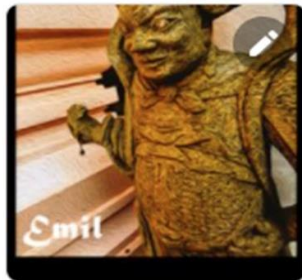
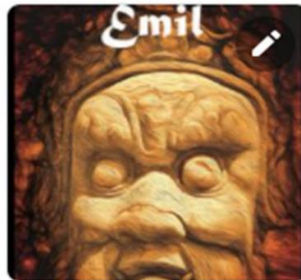
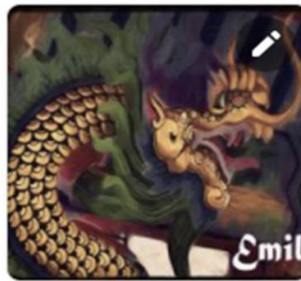
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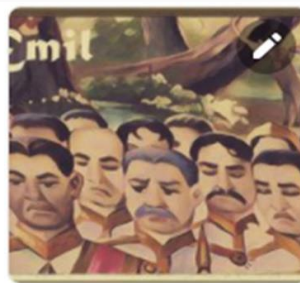
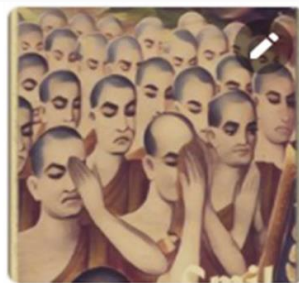
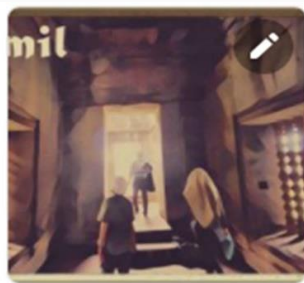
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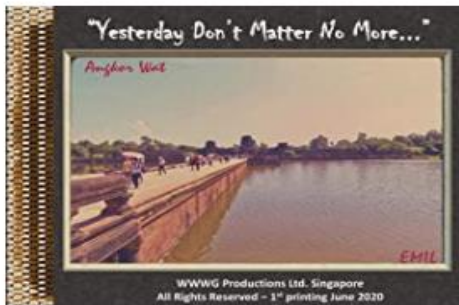
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There is no easy way, no Reader's Digest version of how this edition came into being and even more bizarre are the many reasons we had originally declined to publish this edition submitted by Emil.

It would not do justice to even attempted its retelling.

Needless to say, we had not supported Emil's unofficial showing at this gallery as at the time, it was that in the future visions of the gallery owners only.

It was an interesting urban, anarchist-style of counter-culture that was attempting to create what they called "Store-Front" Galleries where the art would be spread out in (many times abandon) store fronts or in near deserted, strip malls.

Knowing this and how protective the art community are of their imagery and (if I am being truthful) how thin-skinned they are when it comes to counter-revolutionary, self-styled trend setters – just ask Andy Warhol if you need any future proof, we were very much dead set against Emil doing this show.

SEINE

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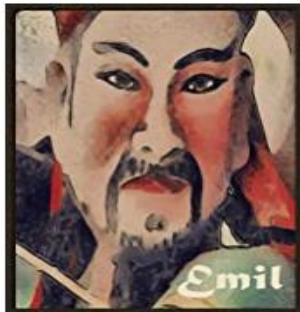
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